# The Grail

# A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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Azambre

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

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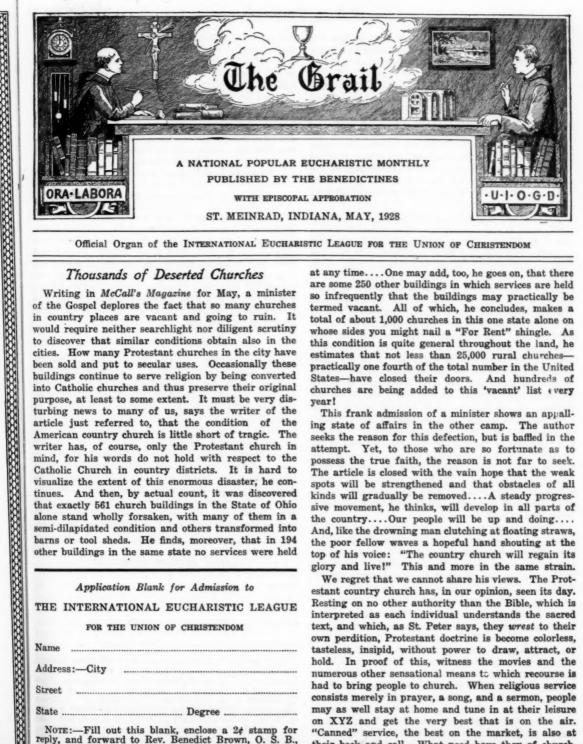
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Official Organ of the International Euchabistic League for the Union of Christendom

#### Thousands of Deserted Churches

Writing in McCall's Magazine for May, a minister of the Gospel deplores the fact that so many churches in country places are vacant and going to ruin. It would require neither searchlight nor diligent scrutiny to discover that similar conditions obtain also in the cities. How many Protestant churches in the city have been sold and put to secular uses. Occasionally these buildings continue to serve religion by being converted into Catholic churches and thus preserve their original purpose, at least to some extent. It must be very disturbing news to many of us, says the writer of the article just referred to, that the condition of the American country church is little short of tragic. The writer has, of course, only the Protestant church in mind, for his words do not hold with respect to the Catholic Church in country districts. It is hard to visualize the extent of this enormous disaster, he continues. And then, by actual count, it was discovered that exactly 561 church buildings in the State of Ohio alone stand wholly forsaken, with many of them in a semi-dilapidated condition and others transformed into barns or tool sheds. He finds, moreover, that in 194 other buildings in the same state no services were held

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at any time.... One may add, too, he goes on, that there are some 250 other buildings in which services are held so infrequently that the buildings may practically be termed vacant. All of which, he concludes, makes a total of about 1,000 churches in this one state alone on whose sides you might nail a "For Rent" shingle. As this condition is quite general throughout the land, he estimates that not less than 25,000 rural churchespractically one fourth of the total number in the United States-have closed their doors. And hundreds of churches are being added to this 'vacant' list every

This frank admission of a minister shows an appalling state of affairs in the other camp. The author seeks the reason for this defection, but is baffled in the attempt. Yet, to those who are so fortunate as to possess the true faith, the reason is not far to seek. The article is closed with the vain hope that the weak spots will be strengthened and that obstacles of all kinds will gradually be removed.... A steady progressive movement, he thinks, will develop in all parts of the country....Our people will be up and doing.... And, like the drowning man clutching at floating straws, the poor fellow waves a hopeful hand shouting at the top of his voice: "The country church will regain its glory and live!" This and more in the same strain.

We regret that we cannot share his views. The Protestant country church has, in our opinion, seen its day. Resting on no other authority than the Bible, which is interpreted as each individual understands the sacred text, and which, as St. Peter says, they wrest to their own perdition, Protestant doctrine is become colorless, tasteless, insipid, without power to draw, attract, or hold. In proof of this, witness the movies and the numerous other sensational means to which recourse is had to bring people to church. When religious service consists merely in prayer, a song, and a sermon, people may as well stay at home and tune in at their leisure on XYZ and get the very best that is on the air. "Canned" service, the best on the market, is also at their beck and call. What need have they of church, when the notion of sacrifice and sacrament are

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non-existent. Rejecting these, Protestantism has discarded the essentials of religion. As many of its eminent ministers admit publicly, Protestantism has lost its hold on the masses.

With the Church that has a history of nineteen hundred years to her credit the case is entirely different. The storm-tossed ship of Peter with the Master at the helm, has weathered many a gale. Seldom does she sail a calm and tranquil sea. Yet she has no fear of threatened danger, cares not how the tempest rages, for the Abiding Presence is with her—"Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." That Church was built on a solid foundation, the rock, which is Peter, and "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

The spiritual tragedies and disasters of nineteen centuries have left her unscathed. Her power of attraction and holding remain vigorous, and that despite some unworthy children that have ever been with her and have heaped disgrace upon her head. Such were Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Henry VIII, and a host of others. Even when whole nations threatened to break from her, she could not yield to their unjust demands whenever a principle was at stake. It would be treason to betray her sacred trust. She mourns the loss of the prodigal sons and daughters that her shielding arm would save from ruin, and motherlike she watches and prays for their return to the Fold. Like the Good Shepherd she goes out on the highways and the byways to seek the sheep that are lost. With open arms she welcomes their return. In her ample storehouse she possesses wholesome remedies to heal the wounds of sin.

To those who possess the true faith it is not difficult to understand why the Protestant denominations have lost their hold on the masses. The abandonment of the Church that was founded upon a rock is the reason for the empty pews in the country churches that are built upon other foundations. The house (church) built upon a rock shall stand, but that built upon sand shall perish when the winds of passion rise and the floods of ungodliness beat against it.

As there is but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," (Eph. 4:5), there can be but one true church, which holds the divine commission to go forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. (Matth. 28:20). With this Church Christ promised to abide. Moreover, the Savior promised to send the Paraclete, the spirit of truth to abide with her forever. (John 14:16)

Protestantism is fast disintegrating—it could not well be otherwise. The founders of the sects took only those doctrines of Christ which they thought might serve their purposes. Their followers do in like manner. The principle of unity is absent, the means of grace are wanting. Cut off from the life-giving source, there can be no true spirituality, even though there be many honest and zealous Christians among them who earnestly seek the truth. They were born and brought up in error. From their infancy they have imbibed error and hatred for the Mother Church. They are like "Saul, as yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against

the disciples of the Lord." (Acts 9:1.) God knows their upright intentions, and beholds their misplaced zeal. May He in His own good time cause the scales to fall from their eyes. When they have perceived the light of grace, they too will become vessels of election to make the true Church known to all men.

"O sailor, tempest-tossed on life's rough tide, Seek Peter's bark and gladly there abide; Fear not though waves run high and wild winds rage: She who has storms outlived from age to age Will bear thee to the shore Where tempests are no more."

#### Catholic Press meets in New York

Three full, strenuous days are mapped out for the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Press Association, which will meet this year in New York City at the K. of C. Club Hotel, Eighth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, on May 24, 25, 26. On Thursday, the first day of the convention, the magazine section will thresh out its own peculiar problems; the session on Friday will be of special interest to the newspaper section, while on Saturday there will be an all-day joint session of both sections.

#### PRIZES FOR LITERARY EFFORT

In the convention that was held last year at Savannah the members of the C. P. A. voted unanimously and enthusiastically for the establishment of the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation, the object of which, as has been explained in these pages at various times, is to provide attractive cash prizes to stimulate each year Catholic literary effort in prose and verse. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was the goal set for the establishment of this Foundation. The plan adopted for raising that amount of money was to enlist five hundred life members who should each pay at entrance into the Association a life membership fee of one hundred dollars. Each paper and magazine in the C. P. A. was urged to give its hearty cooperation to this plan and to seek to obtain five life members. But great deeds re-

### Little Flower Memorial

Name	
Address	:City
Street	
State	Amount given

Send by draft (check, money order) whatever amount you wish to give towards the "Little Flower Memorial Membership" in the Catholic Press Association. This Memorial Membership for the encouragement of Catholic writers is worthy of your consideration. Address your letter with designated gift to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., editor of The Grahl, St. Meinrad, Ind.—As the Catholic Press Association holds its convention on May 24, 25, 26 in New York, we should be glad to receive your gifts before that time, if possible; if not, choose your own time.

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quire time for accomplishment. The coming convention will disclose how many life members have been secured in the past year—how near the Foundation is of completion.

#### ENCOURAGE CATHOLICS TO WRITE

In the past few months we have been urging our readers to participate in the worthy cause—the encouragement of Catholics to write. We have explained that those who feel that it would be too great a burden to pay the membership fee at one time, might do so on the instalment plan of ten dollars a month, or it might be done collectively by a group of persons. The life membership, moreover, may be a Memorial, that is, established to the memory of some dear departed one: father, mother, or other member of the family; or to the memory of a deceased pastor or eminent Catholic layman. There is still time before the convention to cooperate with us in making this campaign a great success.

#### FRUITS OF OUR EFFORTS

Thus far the results of our campaign have been gratifying, for we have procured two full-paid life memberships in the C. P. A., two life memberships on the instalment plan, and one on the collective plan. Should there be others among our readers who are thinking of taking out a life membership on one of the three plans suggested, we should be glad to hear from them, preferably before the convention meets this year. However, if they cannot do so until later on, their cooperation will be just as welcome. Those who wish to lend a helping hand, and are unable to take out a life membership, may send in their contribution to the "Little Flower Memorial." Fill out the blank that is given above and return it with your gift.

# The "Mechanics" of Prayer

Men and women of proud and boastful intellects, quotes an exchange, will often speak contemptuously of the "mechanics of prayer." By this aspersion they mean to condemn the reciting of certain definite formulas. Such manner of action is for their proud souls too cramping. It restrains self-expresison. It is being parrot-like.

Perhaps we could overlook the pride of these individuals if they really gave expression to prayer of their own making. Perhaps we could condone the experts in prayer, if they attempted to address God in some fashion, defective as it might be. Perhaps we could pity the blindness that makes them reject the formula of Christ Himself, "The Lord's Prayer," if they, in vain effort to attain to its style, spoke to God in a manner more satisfying to their pride of intellect.

They will neither accept the prayer ready fashioned for them, nor will they trouble themselves to compose one of their own. Their contempt for formulas of prayer is but the disguise for their sloth. It is not that they seek a more nearly perfect form of prayer at all.

Understanding the slothful nature of the individual, our Divine Savior, and after Him, the Church which

He founded, has been ever most anxious to provide Christians with definite forms of prayer, in order that no one of them might plead, in excuse of negligence, his inability to pray. The least cultured, the least educated, the least intellectual can read, or at least repeat, prayers that have been composed for him. The ideas which they express are spiritual and elevating; they are ideas which, by frequent repetition at least, sink into the minds of those who pray with attention.

Besides, there is no reason why the recitation of a formula should be merely mechanical. There is no reason why a man could not think of countless events in the lives of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, or the saints, while he is in the midst of the formula prepared for him. This is not distraction. This is mental prayer provoked by vocal prayer. Without the vocal prayer it is certain that little mental praying would be done. More people depend upon their lips to think about God than are constrained to use them in reading of Him.

The objection against prayer because it seems mechanical when embodied in stereotyped formulas seems unreasonable coming from men who accept standards in practically every field of endeavor. The spirit of the age tends to smother individuality in more fields than one, say what we will of freedom of speech, press, and thought. Those who clamor for standards seem not to care a great deal what others say, print, or think, so long as they conform to standards in what they do. From automobiles to zwiebacks things are made ac-

(Continued on page 39)

### Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### 17. Our Daily Bread

An angel voice rang from on high
While crowds went on their laughing way,
Only some few caring to stay
And heed the message from the sky:

"Whoso receives the Angel's Food, So mystic, white and wonderful, Will guide his life by safest rule And find true comfort from sad mood.

"Whoso doth spurn this Bread of Life A starveling's death shall be his own; One day shall he make bitter moan When the Foe comes in final strife!"—

"We will none of this Bread of thine!
For gold and jewels we make quest,
When these are got—'tis time to rest
Or turn to women and to wine."—

Who shall teach these no love compares
With that of Christ's—a sweeping flood;
No rubies worth His drops of Blood,
No pearls so precious as His tears?

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# Liturgical Life

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

ROGATION days, the three days of public prayer before Ascension, on which at the monastery monks, seminarists, and parishioners assemble in procession to offer united, public petition to God, carry us back to those ages of faith when all were Christian-and Christian meant Catholic-and when all made public profession of the true faith. Thus it is here with us. With the surrounding population practically entirely Catholic, we can march in clerical garb through village and over public highway, chanting together that grand universal prayer in which are included the needs of all—the Litaniae Majores, commonly referred to as the Litany of the Saints. The direction, too, to chant the invocations so that they are duplicated, i. e., that the choir repeat the whole invocation after the leading chanters-not the mere Ora pro nobis (pray for us), for example-further puts us in touch with those ancient times when books were few and precious and each one had not the luxury of an individual copy.

Always striving to enter into the spirit of holy Church, we take part in the public procession with a consciousness, first of all, that we thereby make public profession of our faith. It is a strictly religious act with a religious purpose. It is also an act of religion done officially and in a body by the faithful. We even go outside the church walls, through the village streets, over public highways. We show ourselves to the world as Catholic Christians, to the edification mutually of each other as well as of those outside the true faith.

We march, too, and chant with the assurance that our prayer is efficacious with God. He Himself has assured us that He is in the midst of those gathered together in His name; how much more is this true of such public, united throngs gathered at the bidding of His Church.

Certainly the procession itself is a thing of beauty. The laity, arranged according to age from little ones to the aged; seminarists in cassock and surplice, monks in their black cowls—all wending their way, now on shaded paths, now past flourishing fields, then up the woody hill of the shrine of Mount Cassino; and o'er field and through forest echoes in undulating volume prayer upon prayer to the God of might and mercy. And nature in its Maytime lends color with the brightness of sunshine, the green of verdure or bloom and fragrance of new blossomings, and the spontaneous carolings of newly returned songsters in field and woodland.

On Ascension Day the words of the Introit

of the Mass are addressed to us: Men of Galilee, why look ye up to heaven? For with the disciples we stand on the mount of Olives gazing after the vanishing figure of Jesus ascending to His glorious triumph in heaven. In generous love we rejoice that Christ to-day takes full possession of the glory due to Him. We even try to picture that triumph, magnificent beyond any human conception; and at the same time we reflect how generously God rewards those who work and suffer for Him.

Of a surety on this day there was a feeling uppermost in the hearts of those disciples that Christ had left them. And what a homesickness it engendered in them. What was life without the vision of God, without the presence of Christ? But they are not inconsolable. "I will not leave you as orphans," He had told them. No. Soon the Paraclete, the Comfort and Power of God, is to come to them, to help them fulfil their mission in life. Then, too, they had the consoling promise from Christ that He went to prepare a place for them—a share in His everlasting kingdom.

This then is the grace of Ascension Day for all of us—a desire, a homesickness for our place, our mansion, in the kingdom of light and life everlasting; and with this desire, an earnest resolve to make sure our calling by cooperating with the grace of the Holy Ghost, by fulfilling our duties in life according to God's will. Christ is in heaven, but is not estranged from us. We can always be sure of His abiding love and interest in our welfare.

Pentecost is the fulfilment of the promise of our Savior to send us the Holy Ghost. He, the third Person of the Blessed Trinity, comes to the Church, to the disciples, to us, to be the source of grace, power, energy, life, and warmth-all signified by His appearance in tongues of fire. To-day we realize the essential part God the Holy Ghost plays in the Church and in our lives. All spiritual power, life and energy is from Him; and with all this there comes from Him the fiery warmth of love that makes our hearts expand and glow. It is in Him that the Church has lived and flourished and been the pillar and ground of truth and sound morality throughout the ages. And for us He is life and salvation. We live in Him in sanctifying grace; we die unhappy death in our souls when we cast Him out by grievous sin.

Impressed powerfully to-day by the absolute need we have of the Holy Spirit in the Church 1

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and in our individual selves, we pray Him again and again to come. *Veni* echoes at Mass and at the hours of the Office. "Come, fill our hearts with Thy sevenfold gift; fill them with Thy love!"

At the Alleluia verse before the Gospel, this prayer is most impressive. After the Alleluia of touching sweetness is sung, all kneel while the choir sings *Veni*, *Sancte Spiritus* in tones that are at once loving, earnest and strong. How the chant prays here fittingly, exquisitely.

At Vespers and Tierce, too, resound the strains of the old familiar hymn Veni, Creator Spiritus. What memories and sentiments does not this hymn call forth in every Benedictine; for it was amid the strains of this prayerful song to the Holy Spirit of God that the principal stages of God's predilection and calling were marked in his life.

Veni, Creator Spiritus he sings, and there flashes the vision of the day when in youthful generosity and enthusiasm he was privileged to pronounce his vows to God, consecrating all, reserving naught for himself. Again, some years later, he stands proved in the life and made firm, and so amid profound and grave ceremony he forever consecrates himself a holocaust, a living victim by the solemn vows of religion. How clear of eye, how pure of heart, how close to God he was that day. And when it was done, did not God bow down from high heaven and seal that covenant with an outpouring of grace and joy that was to be an earnest of the future reward?

Ah, do we not look back to-day over the years that have passed? Truly, much water has flowed beneath the bridge since then. Where is that heart so innocent and sinless, that body and mind so perfectly attuned to God's holy will, that spiritual life and energy which was in us that day? Thanks to Thee, Holy Spirit, if it have not all or greatly weakened and been tarnished. And if it have, then *Veni*, come to-day anew, fill our hearts, purge, enkindle, reanimate, renew the fervor and zeal of old. Enkindle the fire that shall be love and eager service to-day and ever after.

Veni, Creator Spiritus. And if he be a priest, he kneels again at the Bishop's feet, with the music and prayer of this solemn hymn in his ears, stretching forth his hands to be anointed with the holy chrism. He lives again that supreme moment when he was taken from among men, became the anointed of God, was vested with a character that shall distinguish him throughout eternity and with a power that is the wonder of Angels and the salvation of man. A priest, another Christ among men! O Holy Spirit, renew in thy priests—in me—that fiery zeal and energy and holy purpose Thou didst inflame us with on ordination day. Veni, come,

stir, up that fire, make taut the slackened sinews, that, thus renewed, we may go forth to renew others in Thy love and service.

# Mr. Rushfast has a Nervous Breakdown

MYRTLE CONGER

"N ERVOUS? Well, what you need, old man, is rest—a good, long rest. Nothing like rest to cure nervous troubles—"

"The best thing for you, my boy, is work plenty of work. Nothing like work to keep your mind off your nerves—"

"Nervous? I'll tell you exactly what you ought to do. You ought to go see Dr. Dope, and get him to give you a bottle of his patent 'Nectar of Nervo'. He cured my wife's cousin's uncle of a bad case of nerves in less than two weeks—"

"Well, don't let 'em give you any drugs or medicine. Bad for the nerves. The thing for you to do is to take a course of his 'Drugless-Exercizo' from Dr. Jerkem. He'll cure you in no time. He cured my father-in-law in ten days when nobody thought he could get well. Yes, sire: ten days—"

sire; ten days—"
"Nerves? Too bad, old fellow. Worst disease
there is. My brother has been suffering from
nerves for years—"

"Nerves? Nonsense! All imagination! All you have to do is to use your will power. Snap out of it! Look at me, now,—not a nerve in my whole body—"

"Nervous! Too bad. But don't get discouraged. It takes time. I had a bad case of it, myself, and I know. The best thing for you to do is to stay indoors and be patient and quiet. That's the way I got well—patience and quiet.—"

"The trouble with you is that you stay indoors too much. You ought to get out more; take long walks in the fresh air and sunshine—"

"Go to some good sanitarium. Get away from everything and everybody—"

"Go out among your friends more. Nothing like your own friends to keep you cheered up—"

"Why don't you try fasting? That's the way to cure nerves—fasting! There was Jim Ailing with as bad case of nerves as ever you saw, and he fasted six weeks. Well man to-day—"

"You aren't eating enough, old boy. Nervous people ought to eat three good meals a day—build up your strength—"

"Nerves? Well, I had as bad a case of nerves as ever there was. I'll tell you all about it, and how I got cured—"

Mr. Rushfast is now in a padded cell.

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# Anointed Hands

May Whatever They Bless be Blessed and Whatever They Consecrate be Consecrated and Sanctified in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.—Rite of Ordination.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

R. JONES had long been an enthusiastic admirer of Father Gilbert. Hence his Buick was always at the latter's disposal.

"Well," said Father Gilbert, "next week the ordinations are to take place at the seminary. Suppose we make the journey and take in the whole affair."

"Why, Father Gilbert," rejoined the physician quite impulsively, "no invitation could be more welcome. You know that I am not a Catholic, but I should like to visit the place and witness the ceremony."

With keen interest the doctor followed the ordination rite and the whole accompanying service. When Father Gilbert met him after the solemn function, he greeted him with: "Doctor, your face looks as though you were trying to solve a Chinese puzzle."

"Father, to be frank, I am at a loss. Whilst the services in the church held me spellbound, I took them of course all for granted. But here these young priests seem to conduct some kind of private service all over the grounds. See there's a group of people kneeling before one of the newly ordained and over yonder is another similar gathering. They must have gotten a goodly portion of zeal which they are demonstrating now. The people are kissing the hands of these priests. No superstition, I hope."

Father Gilbert laughed heartily. "You don't understand, Doctor," he said by way of correction. "These young levites are simply giving their blessing to the people."

"Pardon my ignorance, Father," the doctor apologized, "but I don't quite get your meaning"

"You are certainly pardoned, Doctor," assured the priest. "Let me explain. You noticed possibly during the ceremony that the hands of the young men were tied with white strips of

"Yes, yes, Father," came the quick reply.

"Well," continued the priest, "the bishop had just previously anointed those hands with the holy oil called the Oil of Catechumens. During this ceremony he prayed: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to consecrate and sanctify these hands by this anointing and by our benediction....That whatever they bless may be blessed and whatever they consecrate may be consecrated and sanctified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.' Now, in consequence of this rite, these men are authorized to call down God's blessing on persons and objects destined for man's use."

"And this power is limited to the Catholic priest?" said the physician in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes—and no," Father Gilbert drawled somewhat. "To bless means to wish well to some one. St. Ambrose defines a blessing as a 'wishful communication of sanctity and grace.' We meet with the custom of blessing even in the Old Law: Noe blessed his two sons, Sem and Japhet; Melchisedech blessed Abraham; Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau; Jacob, lying on his deathbed, blessed all his sons most solemnly. Christian parents, too, bless their children. The benevolent love of parents, wishing their children all good things, is the motive of the parental blessing. Parents are God's representatives and hence have a right to pronounce His blessing. Many Christian fathers and mothers bless their children in the morning and evening. When a son steps across the paternal threshold, he begs as parting gift the parental benediction. When the sorrowing children surround the deathbed of father or mother they crave a last blessing from the lips of the dying parent. This blessing rests upon the children who never forget it their livelong day.

"Now, the sacerdotal blessing is of a higher order and more effective, because the priests are the legitimate organs through whom God imparts to man the grace of the Redemption and by whose instrumentality He distributes in general Heaven's blessings over the face of the earth. Both the power itself, and the command to use it, was given to the priests of the Old Law. The Lord spoke to Moses saying: 'Say to Aaron and his sons: Thus shall you bless the children of Israel and you shall say to them: The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee. The Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace. And they shall invoke My name upon the children of Israel and I will bless them.'

"Christ Himself by His power and example carried the priestly blessing over from the Old Testament to the New Law. Nay, he even enhanced the value of this blessing. He the Eternal High Priest extended His hands over the children and blessed them. He imposed His

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hands upon His disciples and blessed them. In addition to the many powers bestowed upon the apostles was also that of blessing. As they were to work miracles, so they also diffused God's blessing whithersoever they went: 'Into what-soever house you enter first say: "Peace be to this house." And if the son of peace be there your peace shall rest upon him, but if not it shall return to you.' Hence if a man is susceptible to this peace, and worthy of it, he will receive it. Thus it is to-day. God has placed His blessing into the hands of these newly ordained men and their blesisng is effective wheresoever the hearts are in a receptive spirit and worthy of the favor. That is why those people are kneeling down. They have asked Father to bless them."

"Father," broke in the doctor with a roguish smile on his lips, "I think that if I were in your position I should be jealous. I should want those people to come to me. Or is the blessing of the young priests preferable to yours?"

of the young priests preferable to yours?"
"Say, you knave," Father Gilbert fired back.
"No, sir, I am not jealous of the new priests.
There is a reason for asking their blessing in preference to mine to-day. You know the charm of newness. Even God Himself in the Old Law expressed a special delight in the first born, the first fruits, etc. You must confess that you were a prouder father when your John was born then when James came. I am not accusing you of any partiality, but it is a fact that novelty has its own attraction and glamor."

"Yes, Father, you are right," consented Dr.

"Do not think," Father Gilbert continued, "that only Roman Catholics esteem the priestly blessing. In 1822 Alexander I, Emperor of Russia, visited Vienna. At the same time the famous Catholic priest, Alexander von Hohenlohe, known for his many cures of the sick, so-journed in the city. The monarch desired to meet the holy man and to receive him in the royal palace. The latter spoke to the Czar quite frankly and in the end promised to pray for him. All the while the royal personage held his eyes fixed on his guest and finally sank to his knees to receive the priestly blessing."

"I suppose it didn't do the Czar any harm,"

was the doctor's comment.

"But I can tell you of a case of which I read recently," Father Gilbert proceeded with an expression of sadness on his brow, "where harm was experienced by despising the sacerdotal blessing."

"I hope no one was seriously hurt," suggested

the physician.

"Yes, indeed, somebody was hurt," corrected the priest. "In a certain village, it was customary for the pastor to lead the prayers every night in his church and thereupon to sprinkle

the faithful present with holy water and to bless them. This ceremony practically formed the night prayers of the few families that lived in close proximity to the church. The old pastor, who had looked after the needs of the parish for thirty-seven years, had introduced this pious custom. His first, second, and third successors clung to the usage. Later on scarcity of labor forced the people to import outside help both on their farms and in their homes. The piety of the priest and the people was repugnant to the newcomers. Some of them began to scoff and to scorn. One of them in particular made the priestly blessing ridiculous and took undue liberty in his conversations in its regard. At first all rebelled against such brazenfaced conduct. The culprit was to be dismissed but the harvest was at its height, for which reason the fellow was to be retained a few weeks longer. After a while he gained adherents among the more frivolous young folk. To spite the pastor they left the church previously to the giving of the evening blessing. Before the church they mimicked the priest, pretending to give a blessing of their own. The people would no longer tolerate such scandalous abuses. The employers of the ringleaders were induced to discharge the scoffers, even in spite of the pressing demand for laborers. The culprits departed amid shouts and cries of insult. Nor were they sparing with the flask. On the way some of the 'bravest,' getting too near to a precipice, which lay along the route, lost their footing and fell headlong into the depths. The remarkable thing about the incident is the fact that in falling their right hands were broken. The one who was most to blame sustained the greatest injury. As he was unable to keep his head out of the water in the brooklet into which he had fallen, he was drowned. His tongue, which had become black and blue, was greatly swollen and hung out of his mouth. Ever since that day no one in the village leaves the church in order to escape the sacerdotal blessing, nor do any of the villagers doubt that this was a punishment meted out for the impiety committed."

"It may have been," commented the doctor



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with a shring of the shoulders, "but a mere report is not convincing."

"Of course, I have no other evidence than the account that I read," responded the priest. "But the matter does not seem so improbable to me. Numerous instances are related in the Scriptures, which inform us that certain disasters befell certain men because of their wicked deeds. History records many misfortunes that have been looked upon as direct punishments for sacrileges committed against God in His holy places or upon persons consecrated to His service. It has, in fact, become a common saying that God reserves to himself the punishment for outrages committed against his priests. I could cite two cases that have come under my personal notice where, humanly speaking, there seemed scarcely room for doubt. In one instance a man, whose name I shall not mention, quarreled with his pastor. While his passion was at the white heat, he struck the priest a blow. Shortly afterward, while at work in a saw mill, the hand that dealt the blow to the Lord's anointed was cut by a circular saw. Gangrene soon set in. The hand was then amputated, and, finally, the whole arm that had been raised against the priest had to be taken off. He recovered, however, and lived for many years thereafter, bearing on his person a constant reminder of his rashness. In the other case, the man, a strong young fellow, stricken with a mortal illness and died shortly after he had maltreated a priest. It never pays to mimic holy actions or to make light of holy things, or illtreat those who are consecrated to While the punishment for such levity may not be meted out to the offender in this life, he will not escape it hereafter. 'Touch not my anointed' was the divine command given to the Israelites of old."

"Father," said Miss Jones, the convert sister of the doctor, "brother attended the First Mass and the afternoon service of Father Cuthbert yesterday. He seemed to be so much interested in the young priest's blessing. To my surprise he wanted to know whether the blessing at the end of the Mass was the same as the one the priest gave on the day of his ordination."

"Ah," replied Father Gilbert, "there would have been a splendid opportunity to bring home to him the connection between this blessing and the Mass.

"I did as well as I could, Father," she responded in vindication of herself.

"You might have told him," the pastor began to dilate on the matter, "how the priest at that moment still harbors in his heart the Eucharistic Lord; how his lips are still purpled with the blood of the Savior; how those hands which he

extends over the people had but a few moments previously held the body of the Christ. Then you know that, before the priest blesses the people, he kisses the altar, which represents Christ. The kiss is a sign of peace and unity. The blessing is a token of peace given in the name of the Holy Trinity and is accompanied with the sign of the holy cross from which all salvation comes. The blessing at the end of the Mass is more than a mere greeting or salvation; it is something efficacious and has the assurance of a hearing. The priest pronounces the blessing but God who dwells in this priest gives it through the priest's hands and lips. No doubt this was in the mind of Cardinal Mercier when in 1925 he consented to have a cast of his hands taken on one condition only—that he be permitted to hold a crucifix.

"In the Middle Ages the faithful saw in this blessing a picture of that parting benediction which our Savior bestowed upon the disciples before His ascension into Heaven. What emotions would lay hold of our heart if we saw in the priest at the Mass the Savior as He was about to ascend into Heaven or as He pronounced that other benediction: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father possess ye the kingdom."

"Pardon me, Father," the lady interrupted, "brother inquired too about the Benediction which the young priest gave with the Blessed Sacrament."

"Yes," assured Father Gilbert, "there the priest does not himself bless but Christ assumes a more personal character still. Hence the priest is covered, so to say, and hidden by the Savior. You fail to see the priest's face; it is concealed by the monstrance and the Sacred Host. You do not hear the priest's voice; Christ speaks to the hearts by His profound silence. You cannot perceive the priest's hands; they are enveloped in the white veil. The whole person of the priest is screened from view by the sacred vestments, for it is the Savior Himself who blesses. I hope the doctor felt the power of this blessing."

"Father," she corroborated, "I think grace is working in him. By the way, Father, is there a special indulgence attached to the blessing of the young priest?"

"Yes, there is an indulgence for assisting at the First Mass of the priest. His relatives to the third degree—second cousinship inclusive—gain a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions. All others who are present may gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines—seven times forty days. But did you ever hear how a young lady was cured at a First Mass?"

"No. Father. Do tell me."

"It was on July 7, 1892, at Donauquelle in Baden, Germany, that the young maiden was

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forced to leave her position because of an ailment of her throat. After a stay of several weeks in the hospital she could return to work but her voice was gone. She sought relief from several physicians but all to no avail. Now you know yourself that among Catholics the faith in the power of a First Mass is so strong that according to the common saying we ought not miss such a Mass even if we had to wear out a pair of new soles in getting there. Such faith seemed to have animated this lady, for at the blessing of the new priest she earnestly begged our Lord for the recovery of her voice. She was actually heard so that she could join in the singing of 'God of Might.' What must have been the amazement of her people when she returned home in the full possession of her voice."

Dr. Jones was called to attend Mrs. Durham's sick child. Just as he was about to leave he noticed the mother going to the holy water font. Taking a few drops of the water and giving it to the child, she said: "Through the hands of the bishops and priests that give their blessing may God the Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost bless thee. Amen. Now, 'honey,' go to sleep."

Noticing the stare of Dr. Jones, Mrs. Durham thought that this was her opportunity to enlighten the doctor. "You are astonished, Doctor," she spoke up. "Yes, this has helped our darling before and procured for him a good night's rest. Father Gilbert taught us this practice. He himself blesses the sick every night. He told us that in cases of sleeplessness, toothache, earache, headache, and in sickness in general, relief is often felt on recommending oneself to the blessing pronounced by the bishops and priests. Now we know it ourselves from our own experience."

"You wonder," the doctor explained, "why I seemed startled. It was because of late I have been coming in contact with this blessing of the priest on every side."

Mrs. Durham only smiled. As the doctor grasped his hat, he chuckled: "I believe this blessing is after me too."

"Then you are fortunate, Doctor," she called after him.

Mrs. Durham thought she had good news for Father Gilbert. But he coolly replied: "Give the charitable man a little time. The priestly blessing will do its work when the proper moment arrives. The doctor is not ill disposed. I must tell you, however, a few facts which I did not mention in my sermon."

Mrs. Durham nodded approval. The priest proceeded: "Well, a zealous Swiss pastor from

1893-1898 edited an excellent Eucharistic monthly, 'Pelikan,' published at Feldkirch in Tyrol. In April, 1897, he stated that many people gave him a detailed account of their crosses and pleaded with him for prayers. Then he recorded the fact that several priests had volunteered to apply the priestly blessing to all subscribers of the 'Pelikan,' especially to those who were in distress. After expatiating on the efficacy of the priestly blessing as a frequent means of obtaining help in great pain and other trials he made an appeal to the priest readers of his periodical: (1) to include in their daily Masses all the 'Pelikan' readers, their children, and their needs; (2) at the blessing towards the end of the Mass to have those same persons in mind once more; (3) to impart to them the blessing in the evening before retiring. He reminded the priests of the great help which they would thus afford to others and of the signal benefit that they would draw down upon themselves from this noble work of charity.

"Wasn't that grand of the editor, Father?"
"Yes, but let us see what response he obtained. Within a few months two bishops and three hundred priests pledged themselves to include all the 'Pelikan' readers at Mass and to bestow their blessing every night."

"Why, what a favor!" exclaimed the woman in surprise. "I am sure that this blessing, 300 strong, must have made itself felt."

"It did. Ere long the editor was able to make the statement: 'Both by word of mouth and in writing we are informed from all directions that many sick people have noticed an improvement in their case from the mere recommendation of their ailments to the priestly blessing given. Some have obtained rest and sleep. Even in material matters help and success, for instance in business and labor, have been scored.

"Listen to some of the grateful acknowledgments: "Thanks a thousand times to all the priests for their blessing. Our sick father could seldom rest at nights; but as soon as he began

# A Young Priest's First Blessing

EILEEN ROCHE

As one of old, who high on Sinai's Mount
Held converse with his God,
And with the glory shining on his face,
Slow sought the vale below;
So the young Levite looked that morn of morns,
When, stoled and vested all in virgin-white,
Dream-wrapt, he came from Meadows of the King
To lay upon each brow the hands
That late had pressed the Mystic Grapes
And reaped the Wheat Divine.

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to place himself under this blessing he enjoyed a peaceful sleep-(Switzerland); 'For years I had suffered much, but in the last months, during which time I have been recommending myself to the sacerdotal blessing promised by the priests, my improvement is quite remarkable. Especially refreshing is my rest at nights. Hence my sincerest thanks to the Reverend Fathers for their great favor'-(Westphalia); 'To keep my vow I must inform you that the blessing of the priests, which I applied to my sick child, afforded immediate relief'-(Rhine Palatinate); 'I want to tell you that through the priestly blessing my husband was instantly freed from great pains in the back.'-(Switzer-

"Oh, Father," exclaimed the caller with no little enthusiasm, "why couldn't the priest readers of our Catholic publications, for example, of 'The Grail,' pledge themselves to give us lay members of the 'Grail' family their blessing

every day?"

"Perhaps some of them have. Yet, whilst I cannot speak for the priest readers of any publication, I do know that some of them bestow their blessing each day especially upon the sick. The editor of 'The Grail' has assured me that it is his custom every night about nine o'clock to impart his priestly blessing to all the subscribers and readers of his monthly, and not only to these but to all his other friends and benefactors besides. Well, possibly by this time some other priests have 'tuned in' and want to add their names to the list. If they do, the editor will be able to keep a full list on file and from time to time he can inform his readers how many priests have given their word to join him in bestowing upon them the priestly blessing each day. The priests themselves would reap their own reward from this act of charity. Of this we have an instance in the words of a priest in Wuerttemberg who in 1898 wrote to the editor of the 'Pelikan': 'Suffering acute pain, I tossed myself sleeplessly about on my couch. I was convinced that for this night there was to be no sleep for me. I then prayed to St. Joseph and immediately the thought occurred to me to pledge myself as many other 'Pelikan' readers had done to bless all the sick. ready to do this if only St. Joseph would in turn send me sleep. After a few moments I fell into a slumber and on the following morning my pains had left me."

"Oh, Father, do urge this matter. We shall appreciate your efforts and be grateful to all the priests."

"I will do what I can."

Dr. Jones was looking after one of his patients in St. Alexius Hospital. Turning to the further end of the ward, he stood still for a moment. "Why, there is a priest again blessing the sick," he said to himself. "How often of late I meet this priestly blessing face to face." But he left the hospital and thought no more of

The next night he lay awake on his bed. For hours he heard every tick of the clock. He became more and more restless. Then he recalled the words: "Yes, this has helped our darling before and procured for him a good night's rest." "Yes," he soliloquized, "but not a good rest. Tes, he somoquized, but not a good night's rest for me." He rolled and rolled again. Finally something told him, "Why not try it yourself?"—"Ah, Bosh!" he replied, "it is not for me." He kept on rolling. At last he decided to give the remedy a trial. "What was it "What was it that she prayed over the child? 'Through the -eh-eh-' Ah! it will not help me any way!"-"Of course not," retorted the tiny voice, "if you have no faith in it." Again he rolled until he became almost desperate. "Well," he declared, "if it helps others why couldn't it help me? I too am going to recommend myself to the blessing of those priests: May the Al-mighty bless me through their hands."

Strange to say the good doctor was soon in dreamland. He was awakened only by the bright, red, cheery sun peeping at him through his window. "That's fine," he mumbled to himself. "There must lie a tremendous power in the blessing of the Catholic priest be he near or

far away.'

Of course Father Gilbert had to be apprised of this fact too. But no other than the doctor himself should do it. He added with an inquir-ing smile: "Father, I am ready to learn more of that faith which invests its ministers with such a gift. I haven't time to-day to remain for a lesson but even to-day I say with the holy Patriarch, Jacob: 'I will not go except thou bless

"Doctor," Father Gilbert encouraged, "you are now asking what good Catholics crave. The pious emperor, Theodosius the Great, always sent to the priests of the desert for their blessing when he was about to undertake any expedition; St. Brigid invariably knelt down when a priest came by. She wanted his blessing; Catharine Emmerich even saw this blessing enter souls as a stream of light. Now you too kneel down."

The doctor obeyed and the pastor with extended hands pronounced slowly and solemnly "May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain forever. Amen."

See to it that you miss none of your Communions, because we cannot give a greater joy to our enemy than by withdrawing from Him Who robs him of all the power that he has over us.-St. Margaret Mary.

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# A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

#### CHAPTER 7

#### MATCHMAKING

ATHER SYLVAIN was seated in the arbor reading his breviary. He looked up suddenly as a shadow fell across the entrance.

A tall, refined-looking man, about thirty-five, stepped forward. His attire was not that of a peasant, nor yet that of a gentleman. He wore a beard and mustache, and carried a small leather valise.

Probably someone on a walking expedition," thought Father Sylvain as he arose to meet his

"I do not believe you know me, M. le Curé," said the stranger.

"Ah," replied the priest, advancing quickly to greet him, "I did not recognize you, Benedict. You have changed a good deal."

"Yes, Father, I have changed," replied the other. "I think I have grown stouter."

"Yes, you are more like your father. down, my son. Have you come for a visit?"

"No, M. le Curé, I have come to stay. America is a grand place, but always, always, I have longed for home. I am a real Frenchman, not a roamer by nature."

"You have done pretty well? Accumulated

some money? "Yes, M. le Curé. I have nothing to complain

"You followed your own business in America?"

"Yes, M. le Curé."

"And you think you can be content now in our little village?"

"I think so. My cousin Claude wrote me that old Monsieur La Motte was growing very fee-

ble, and is anxious to sell his shop. So I came."
"Well, he has not done badly, and you doubtless have brought new ideas with you. You are married, I suppose?" inquired the Curé.

Benedict shook his head.

"No, M. le Curé, I have never married." "That is strange," said the priest, "a fine looking fellow like you should not have found it difficult to obtain a wife."

"I made no efforts in that quarter, M. le Curé.

Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes," replied the priest, "tell me. I once thought that you and Euphrosyne had a fancy for each other.'

"Perhaps I had the same thought, M. le Curé, at one time, but I found I was mistaken. I will tell you frankly that I loved Euphrosyne very much. It was when I learned that she did not care for me that I resolved to go to America."

"Tell me about it, Benedict. Did you ask

"No, Father, I heard it from Madame Bonse-

"That gossip? Her name does not suit her. What did she tell you?"

"She said that Euphrosyne and Jean Brillant were to be married, but that it was a secret." "Jean Brillant was ten years older than

Euphrosyne, and he always liked Madeleine, who, as you know, is a distant relative of Madame Bonsecours."

"Yes," replied Benedict with some hesitation, "she told me that she was sure I could win Madeleine if I tried. But I had no desire to win her."

"You know," said the priest, "that Madeleine and Jean Brillant were married soon after you left.'

"Yes, M. le Curé."

"You were too hasty, Benedict. You never said a word to Euphrosyne?"

"No, how could I when it was told me in con-

fidence that she loved another?"
"Well, Benedict," said the priest, "all I have to say is, for that time at least, you showed yourself to be a stupid fellow. You know, per-

haps, that Euphrosyne has never married.' "Yes, M. le Curé, but I reasoned that if she really liked Jean Brillant, and something had come between them to prevent their marriage. she might not care to marry another.'

"There is some mélange here," said the priest, "and I am going to straighten it out. Have you been to the inn?

"No, Father, I came straight here."

"Stay then and take dinner with us. My mother will be glad to see you."

"She is well and hearty?"

"Very well. You have heard perhaps that Jean Brillant is dead?"

"Yes, Father, Claude wrote me."

"And that Madeleine deserted him sometime

"Yes, M. le Curé."

"All the old people are gone also. We have the child, little Marie, with us. She is of great assistance to my mother, who is very fond of her. Come, we will go into the house and see them."

Some fifteen minutes later, when Benedict had been warmly welcomed by Madame Véronique and Marie, who had shyly given him her

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hand, had retired to a corner while the older people talked, Father Sylvain looked at his watch saying:

"It is half past eleven, mother, I shall be back at twelve for dinner. Go into my study, Benedict. You will find some newspapers there. Or, if you like, you may exchange a few words with Poli, who is weeding the garden. Do you remember Poli?"

"Yes, M. le Curé."

"He is our man of all work at present," said

the priest.

"I think I will read the papers," said Benedict. "I do not feel just now much like talking to that rambling Poli."
"As you please," said the priest. Taking his

hat and stick, he left the house.

Father Sylvain went straight to the apothecary shop where he found the proprietor, quite an old man, dazing in his chair behind the screen which separated the shop from the living

His daughter, tall and fair, with the face of a Madonna, stood behind the counter waiting on a customer. When the woman had departed, she turned to Father Sylvain saying:

'How can I serve you, M. le Curé?"

"A new druggist has come to town," said the priest, assuming a serious expression of countenance.

"A new druggist!" she exclaimed, "there is hardly room for more than one in La Fontaine,

M. le Curé."

"I do not believe he intends to set himself up as a rival to your father," said the priest, "

have an idea that he may try to buy him out."
"My father speaks of selling," she said. Then lowering her voice, she continued: "He is growing old, M. le Curé, and his memory sometimes fails him."

Her gentle face looked sad and thoughtful,

her eyes were downcast.

"If you and Benedict Lemoine had only made a match of it, it would have been a good thing. said the priest abruptly, looking at her sharply as he spoke.

Her pale cheeks were suddenly flooded with crimson. She raised her eyes to his; they

looked troubled and embarrassed.

"That was not to be," she said in a low voice with a faint smile.

"Whose fault was it?" continued the priest. "It was not mine, M. le Curé," she replied.

"Some mischief-makers were abroad about that time," said Father Sylvain.

She did not answer, but the priest was satisfied: the expression of her countenance, the embarrassment of her manner, told him all he wished to know.

"Well," he said, changing the subject abruptly, "we shall let the dead past bury its dead, and go back to business. I should like you to have an interview with this possible purchaser before he approaches your father. You are a good business woman, and it will be well that you settle some preliminaries together before proceeding further. Will you come to my house at half past one, Euphrosyne? I shall arrange for him to be there.'

"Yes, M. le Curé," she replied.

"Very well, we shall expect you," said the Curé as he left the shop.

Dinner was over.

Accompanied by Benedict, the priest retired to his study where the visitor offered him a good American cigar; it was a little after one when Father Sylvain said:

"You remember the lovers' bench near the

fountain, my son?'

"Yes, M. le Curé," was the reply, "I have often sat there."

"With Euphrosyne?" queried the priest. "Never with any other girl," rejoined Bene-

"Yet you did not speak of love?"

"No, M. le Curé, with her I was always dumb."

"Yet you served in her father's shop so long

and was with her every day?"

"Yes, M. le Curé, has she changed much?"
"Very little," rejoined the priest. "She is still beautiful. I have something to do now, go out there to the bench and finish your cigar. He had seen Euphrosyne approaching in the dis-

Benedict had hardly closed the garden door when Euphrosyne entered from the street.

"You are punctual, my child," said Father Sylvain, "sit down."

"The man has not arrived?" she inquired. "He has stepped out for a moment," rejoined the priest. "I think it will be all right.

"Is he an old man, M. le Cure?" she inquired.
"Oh no,—perhaps thirty-five,—but I have to speak to my mother about an affair. This room is full of smoke, suppose you go out to the bench yonder, and we will join you there."
"Very well, Father," she replied.

"You have sat upon the lover's bench before perhaps," he remarked with a quizzical smile. "Still I do not remember ever to have seen you there, Euphrosyne."

"I may have sat there occasionally long ago," she replied, "but not recently, M. le Curé.

The priest looked after her. "She is not unhappy," he said to himself, "not at all unhappy, but I think that after to-day she will be happier than she has been for several years.

Half an hour had passed. Father Sylvain looked up at the clock, then he glanced out of the window and smiled. Swinging his stick as he walked, he passed into the arbor where the pur. 1

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ple grapes hung in clusters above his head. The leaves were already beginning to fall, he crunched them under his feet with the evident intention of announcing his coming to the couple seated close together on the bench near the rippling fountain.

"Ah," he exclaimed as he approached, "I see

"Ah," he exclaimed as he approached, "I see that this business has been settled without me." They arose, a joyful-looking pair, and stood

before him.

"This has been a good day's work," he said,

joining their hands.

That evening came the landlady of "The Three Jolly Brothers" to interview the Curé. She was a corpulent, loud-voiced woman with bold black eyes, who seemed to fill the room with her presence. It was whispered in the village that before she came, a widow, from the other side of the Pyrenees to La Fontaine, her record had not been of the whitest. She had always done a thriving business, for her food and wines were good, and she was an excellent cook, but no one ever thought in an emergency of going to Madame Bonsecours for assistance. advice or sympathy. She was by no means the typical, buxom, good-natured hostess of song and story, neither was she a polite woman. When the priest entered the study where she sat she did not rise.

"Well, Madame," he said somewhat brusque-

ly, "what can I do for you this evening?"
"I hear, M. le Curé," she said, "that Benedict

Lemoine is in town."

"And that is what you came to tell me?" he

said.

"Oh no," she replied with an odd little laugh.
"I very well knew that he would be likely to come to you first."

"He is not stopping at the inn?" inquired

the priest

"He has not made his appearance there yet," she replied. "He may have gone to that pigsty of a 'Cat and Fiddle,' because it is cheaper. I fancy he has not come back with his pockets full.

"Do not let your fancy run too far, Madame," remarked the priest, "it is an old trick of

yours.

"You like to joke, Father," she said with her nervous laugh. "Zachary told me he had seen him looking into the apothecary shop."

"And what did you say to Zachary?" inquired

the priest.

"I told him that no doubt he had come to buy out Monsieur Lamotte, and perhaps Mademoiselle Euphrosyne thrown in." This time she laughed aloud.

"You are coarse, Madame," said the priest in a tone as nearly approaching to harshness as he ever assumed, "and you are uncharitable."

"One must have one's little jokes now and then."

"Your's are generally bitter," said Father Sylvain, "and they often work mischief."

"What do you mean, M. le Curé?"
"Were you merely joking when you told
Benedict Lamoine that Euphrosyne was about
to marry Jean Brillant?"

"That is so long ago that I have forgotten all about it," she said. "It may have been a joke."

"And it may not have been," said the priest. "Perhaps it all turned out for the best, for it sent Benedict to America from whence he has returned with a nice little fortune, which will make him, I imagine, after the Mayor, the most comfortable man in La Fontaine. He is to buy out the shop and marry Mademoiselle Euphrosyne, the banns will soon be published."

"That is great news," she said, trying not to appear discomfited at the information. "I wish

them good luck, M. le Curé."

The priest arose, but his visitor did not take this as an indication that the interview was over. She had not finished her business.

"After all that is not what I came about," she said. "I wish to take little Marie Brillant, M. le Curé."

"To take her where?" exclaimed the priest.
"To my home, to the inn. I wish to adopt her."

"To adopt her? You have no claim upon

her."

"I think I have a little. She is Madeleine's child. I can give her a home, and a good one. Who in the village could do better for her?"

"She does not need a home; she has one,"

said the priest.

"You surely are not going to keep her yourself!" exclaimed the landlady of the inn.

"That is what we intend, Madame; and if we were seeking a home for her, it would not be to the inn of the "Three Jolly Brothers' that we would send her."

(Continued on page 28)

# Mary, Heaven's Bright Queen

ELIZABETH VOSS

O flawless flower, so white, so fair; O rarest pearl without compare,— Mary!

Your soul a wondrous garden blooming, How fragrant all your virtues looming,— Mary!

And HONORING, may we strive for grace, And catch the glory of your face,— Mary!

Mystical rose and flowering rod, Your faultless beauty is from God!— Mary!

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# Glastonbury and the Grail

NATHALIE BEVENOT, M. A., H. B. S.

EVERY reader of THE GRAIL is aware of the interest attaching to the title of St. Meinrad's monthly. So it will perhaps not be out of place just to take a peep at the home of the Grail, at that Glorious Gem of Western England, Glastonbury, and its Abbey, stately even to-day in its broken beauty. Few realize its claim to being the oldest ecclesiastical foundation in Britain, as also to its being the last to fall a prey to the greed of Henry VIII.

Our mind leaps over the centuries and in a flash transports us back to the days when undrained moorland with stagnant waters on every side meet the eye. The one landmark amid this dreary scenery is an island which rises above the low-lying mists that hang over the swamp: an island in the western sea, and as such looked upon by our pagan forefathers as the abode whither the mysterious ferryman bore the souls of the departed: the island of Glast, the happy island of the blest, to-day Glastonbury Tor. So we see that right from the beginning, before any idea of Christianity had come to these shores, Glastonbury had already a spiritual setting. From its situation in the extreme west and from its naturally fortified position, we can well understand the important part it would be destined to play. Since invaders would attack Britain mainly from the East, the West would consequently be a sanctuary for the evicted Easterners.

A haze shrouds the history of Glastonbury till we come to the year 650 (circa), when we know for a fact that the new Christianized Saxons took peaceful possession of Glastonbury —St. Augustine had re-introduced Christianity sixty years before—. They found it occupied by British monks. Let us not forget that in Western Europe there were no monks at all, only hermits, till about the year 400, when St. Martin of Tours introduced the monastic or religious community life of the East into Gaul. No doubt this form of religious life was brought over to Glastonbury by some Celtic religious (maybe St. Patrick on his way to Ireland) struck by the ideals set up by St. Martin, so that Glastonbury became known as the mother of Celtic monasticism in England. Indeed, no other church in Britain possesses this link between English and British Christianity. Anyway, when the Saxons came they found these monks serving a church, even in those days known as the "vetusta ecclesia" (ancient church), or "lignea basilica" (wooden basilica) from its being made of osiers wattled together. But why "vetusta ecclesia"?

To answer this question, we must pause for a while as we slip into the realm of legend.

St. Philip the Apostle was laboring in Gaul and, eager to further the cause of Christ, in 63 A. D., he despatched St. Joseph of Arimathea and eleven companions to the shores of Britain: St. Joseph bringing with him his great treasure, the Holy Grail, the Chalice of the Last Supper: that Cup which was to inspire poets with mystic imaginings and urge knights to feats of arms.

On his arrival at Glastonbury he planted his staff, cut from some Eastern thorn. It miraculously budded, and to this day there is a plant known as the Holy thorn of Glastonbury.

To Glastonbury where the winter thorn

Blossoms at Christmas mindful of Our Lord."—Tennyson.

The King of the period, Aviragus, welcomed the new settlers and gave them the naturally fortified island of Glastonbury. In a vision they were bidden



RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY CHURCH

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to build a church in honor of Our Lady, the "vestuta ecclesia," as we call it.

One hundred years later this church is said to have been found by two missionaries (Fagan and Deruvian), sent by Pope Eleutherius to Lucius, King of Britain, who repaired it. Before their departure, they apopinted twelve of the converts to remain on the island as hermits. This number of hermits was kept on uninterruptedly, till St. Patrick came over-so the story goes-in 433, and taught them community life, becoming their Abbot and remaining at Glastonbury till his death, when he was buried in the "vetusta ecclesia." His disciple, St. Benignus, succeeded him (the old parish church at Glastonbury is dedicated to this saint), while St. David of Menevia (Wales) is also stated to have come hither and to have presented the famous "Great Saphire of Glastingburg": a rich altar stone of sapphire set with gold and costly gems, a gift from the Patriarch of Jerusalem. No myth about this rich jewel, for later it was to be coveted by and to go to swell the coffers of the rapacious Henry VIII.

Veering back to history, when the Saxons found the "vetusta ecclesia," King Ine of the West Saxons restored the ancient Abbey, building to the East of the ancient church, one dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. Here we might point out that we have one proof among many of the devotion of the Anglo Saxon Church to Rome and to the tombs of the Apostles. Then the Danes came along in the ninth century, leaving destruction in their wake, and Glastonbury was certainly not spared. But its recovery was rapid, for the royal family of Wessex during the tenth century was much in its neighborhood, and so Glastonbury, in days which to other places were most perilous, came to be regarded

as a place of comparative security.

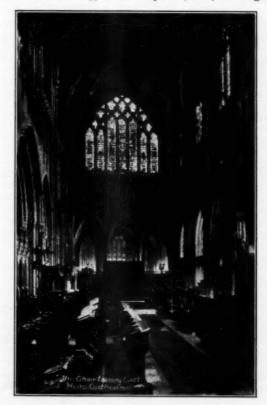
It is the year 943, and we find St. Dunstan installed as Abbot of Glastonbury. All the good he did for England and for the restoration of religious and ecclesiastical life can never be known. He had spent his youth in the Abbey's precincts, drinking in all the knowledge that was there at his disposal. And now he was keen to revivify monastic life by adopting the kindly invigorating rule of St. Benedict. From his day to the Reformation, an unbroken succession of Benedictine Abbots ruled there. He built cells for the monks and restored King Ine's Chapel. So a period of prosperity spiritual and temporal set in for the Abbey, and when the Conqueror now comes on the scene, he finds Glastonbury, according to the Domesday survey, one of the richest and most influential monasteries in England.

This ancient and essentially English monastery felt keenly the hardship of the invasion, for, after the forced deposition of the English Abbot, a Norman one was appointed in his place

by royal command who introduced Norman customs, somewhat naturally resented by the resident monks. Time, however, proved a healer, and the monastery throve and the church was enlarged.

May 25th, 1184. What a sight meets our eyes! The long cherished "vetusta ecclesia" in flames! The flames spread and the monastery too was all but wiped out. How did it happen?....History gives no clue.....The loved Chapel of Our Lady gone? Yes, alas! But loved, indeed! And so intensely that within two years a new shrine, a stone chapel, was raised on the same spot in late Norman style this time, and consecrated to our Lady's honor. Of this chapel we still have the four walls; it is indeed the chief feature and the loveliest fragment of the ruins left to-day. Only it erroneously goes by the name of St. Joseph's Chapel.

A start was then made on the new Abbey Church whose dimensions, 400 x 80 feet, indicate the generous proportions it was to have. But it was slow in building owing to a regrettable forty years' feud between the monks and the secular clergy of those parts; and, although



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the outcome of the appeal to Rome gave the Abbey its independence, it was greatly impoverished. Not till about a century later, in 1303, can we record the consecration of the Abbey Church, dedicated anew to Sts. Peter and Paul. It was indeed a beautiful church in Early English style, but with zigzag and other ornaments to make it harmonize with the twelfth century Lady Chapel.

Each succeeding Abbot sought to increase its beauty, adding a chapel here, new arches there, then a crypt and more chapels, till the Abbey outshone in delicacy of tracery the neighboring Cathedral of Wells. And the fame of Glastonbury grew; pilgrims came constantly in great numbers to pray at the tomb of the saintly Abbot Dunstan, at whose shrine many cures were wrought. The piety of the brethren was noted. Learning and literature was always patronized. The chroniclers of the Abbey record gifts by various Abbots, of large collections of books and the activity of Priors in encouraging the transcription of others. So that by the sixteenth century the Abbacy of Glastonbury was the most desirable ecclesiastical preferment in England.

But its Calvary is at hand. The rapid succession of events from 1533-1539 have been staggering the people of England, and, since 1536, fear has been gripping at the hearts of many. If the King gives such powers to his ministers to visit and condemn the lesser monasteries, what will there be to check his lust and that of his satellites for further opportunities of enrichment. Hollow indeed are the excuses already brought forward of the King's zeal for religion. Zeal, forsooth! Had it been so, it would have resulted in lasting reforms, and peace and order, whereas his act was paving the way for swelling the ranks of the unemployed, necessitating the future Poor Law Act with its degrading workhouse system. For many of the evicted monks and nuns had no homes to go to, so they flooded the highways and joined the ever increasing number of needy poor who had, up to the present, always found succor and often night shelter in convent or monastery.

So for three years this dread cloud hovers over the land. News now of this monastery, now of that, falling into the hands of the spoilers, reaches remote Glastonbury. Poor homeless monks knock at the Abbey gates, full of the heart-rending scenes they have witnessed on the way: the dismantling of church and cloister, the noisy mob, the wanton destruction of staute and stained-glass window; the carved wood hacked to pieces or burnt; the roads choked with carts carrying away the lead melted from the roofs; barrels of broken bell metal; books and MSS. sold by weight to binders and grocers.

But remote Glastonbury is all too soon to share the same fate. The Abbot, the Venerable Richard Whyting, venerable both in years and sanctity, ventures to refuse to hand over his monastery, since it had been proved and stated that the Royal Commissioners "found no cause against" the community, and one of them, the infamous Dr. Layton, is obliged to write to Cromwell: "there is nothing notable; the brethren be so straight." But just as the Jews meant to do away with Our Lord, so did the King's minions mean to do with His faithful servant, and they interpreted the Abbot's resistance as an act of treason, and, that being so, of course the Abbot was guilty of death. It was essential this should be the crime of which the Abbot was accused, for thus only could the King lawfully (!) lay hold of the Abbey prop-

Here, one cannot but be tempted to recall an occurence which must have been frequent in those times: the robbing of the King of part of his plunder. On the dismantling of Glastonbury, Sir James Horner (immortalized in the famous nursery rhyme of "Little Jack Horner"), one of Abbot Whyting's judges, secured for himself Mells, a property belonging to the

(Continued on page 38)

#### The Wreath and the Crown

T. MONTFORD JAMES

In evening dusk a mother sat
And gazed upon her Child,
Who by her side in silence weaved
A wreath of roses wild.

With utmost care, each thorn removed, He placed it on her head, And bending low, from where He stood, "Thou art my queen," He said.

The mother smiled and answered, "Son, If I Thy queen must be, Then Thou, my only love, a King Shalt always be to me.

So make Thyself another crown And set Thee by my side; Then let me see what Thou dost hold Behind Thy back to hide?"

"The other crown, see here it is,"
Replied the noble Lad;
"The roses all were gone, and so
I used whate'er I had."

And thus the moon looked down upon Two heads bent low in prayer: On one a wreath of roses shone, The other thorns did bear. . 1

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# Are Catholic Devotions Mechanical?

STANLEY B. JAMES

CERTAIN, well known American month-A CERTAIN, went known American ers recently with criticisms of the Church purporting to come from a Catholic priest. His remarks have been adequately dealt with in the same periodical by a Catholic journalist and have been answered in our own press, so that there is no need, even if I were the person to undertake the task, for me to concern myself with the numerous charges this disloyal writer makes against his co-religionists. But there is one particular feature of his indictment with regard to which I want to enter my protest. want to do so because this particular criticism echoes an objection which, in my Protestant days, I used to feel very strongly. I can easily imagine myself writing in those days in similar terms respecting this aspect of Catholicism. It is because experience of the Catholic life has so completely revolutionized my ideas on this point and because I think I can understand how the misunderstanding arose in my case and in the case of others outside the Church that I want to offer this brief explanation. Let me quote this magazine critic's own words.

"To be saved," he says, "it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest. They are taught that it is their first duty to attend Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. They need not bother their heads about what is going on, in Latin, between the priest and God. The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention. Physical presence fulfills the precept." In brief, Catholic devotions, it is asserted, need be no more than a perfunctory and mechanical performance.

I have said that this expresses what many Protestants feel and what I myself once felt on witnessing the behavior of those present at Mass. I used to be struck with what appeared to be the carelessness of those thus engaged. I will not say that they appeared irreverent; it was rather the matter-of-factness of their attitude that impressed one. There was an apparent lack of enthusiasm. They seemed to be attending a necessary function rather than closely following the course of the service.

It need not be pointed out that there are, unfortunately, irreverent Catholics whose lack of devotion bears the interpretation put, by these Protestant observers, on the hearing of Mass, nor is it necessary to say here that the Church asserts that wilful distraction is sacrilege. Never has she declared that the mere physical

presence is sufficient to fulfill the obligation, for that would imply that the worshipper is at liberty to follow his own train of thought without reference to the intention of the service. But what I want to do is to account for the misunderstanding on the part of non-Catholic observers.

In the first place, then, it should be made clear that Catholic worship is objective. It is something that goes on apart from the worshipper. Just as the sun shines whether our blinds be down or up, so the Sacrifice of the Altar is offered whatever be the mood of those present. It is difficult for the Protestant to get this into his mind. In the services he is in the habit of attending so much depends on the mental attitude of the congregation. If no conscious emotion is felt, and the mind is unstirred by any thought, it will seem as though the gathering had been in vain. The value of such occasions is in proportion to the extent to which those participating are able by their devotional efforts to create the right kind of atmosphere. Hence of necessity a certain sense of strain.

The difference between this and Catholic worship is one of the things for which the convert is most thankful. The supreme act of worship at which he is called upon to "assist" is performed by the Great High Priest Himself Who, in the person of His priest, offers the Sacrifice of His Own Body and Blood to the Eternal Father. The Catholic is conscious that something is being done for him. His own share is subordinate to that of the priest. This does not mean that he is free to reconsider the business deal in which he engaged last week or to criticize the garments of his fellow worshippers, but it does mean that he is under no strain such as that felt by the conscientious Protestant. And this shows itself in his general bearing. He is more at his ease. There is no need to "pump-up" emotions from some inner well. He can leave all that to the supernatural working of God through the Mystery of the Altar. Emotions, indeed, mean very little to him. If they are given to him, well and good. If they are not, also, well and good. These things cannot be governed. They are like the weather. All that he is concerned with is that he has the right intention. Everything else can be left to God and to the natural working of the laws of psycholo-

Then, again, Catholic worship, as has been indicated, consists in what is done rather than in what is said. There is no need for the devout

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Catholic to pay minute attention to the verbal details of the prayers offered. He knows the general intention of those prayers. He is aware of the Great Act to which they are the spoken accompaniment and that is sufficient for him. Complaints as to the antiquity of the language used or with regard to the inaudibility of the celebrant are beside the mark when once the point of view is seized. But this is precisely what the Protestant cannot realize. In his own places of worship everything depends on what is said and on his intelligent comprehension of the prayers offered. The service is really a verbal affair. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is directed to the congregation rather than to God. If the congregation are to enter into the worship, they must listen. Hence when one who is accustomed to religious exercises of this kind enters a Catholic church and finds those present comparatively indifferent to what is being said at the Altar, he is shocked and attributes it to lack of genuine devotion. The experience confirms him in the belief he has been taught, that mere physical presence at Mass fulfills the Catholic's obligations in that respect.

But perhaps the chief point overlooked by such critics as those to whom I am referring is the fact that the very familiarity of the Catholic with his service enables him to follow it easily and with what looks like, but is not, a merely perfunctory attention. The Mass is always the same in its main features and its various stages are so well known and have worn such deep ruts in the mind that its course sets up no sort of mental friction. There are no novelties in it to startle attention. The hearing of it in its customary form has become a habit. But devotion that runs in channels worn by habit is not necessarily insincere or even mechanical.

A husband and wife who have been many years married do not kiss with the same obvious fervor of young lovers, nor do they, after a few hours' or days' absence, rush into each others arms in the fashion of a Romeo and Juliet. But that does not of necessity imply that their affection has cooled. They have learned to take each other for granted. The quiet stream of their love for each other is not a spring freshet breaking the banks of routine, but a river that runs undisturbed in the channels that it has long ago dug for itself. Kisses and words of endearment are part of their regular life. They have come to expect such things. They can be given and received without hectic excitement just because they symbolize a settled state of life. They may repeat the same things over and over again, but it would be absurd to argue from this that there is no feeling in these undemonstrative tokens of affection. Something of the same kind may be said of Catholic congregations. The church is their home. They are familiar with all its ways. The forms they follow have been dug out by centuries of devotion and familiarized to the individual by years of peaceful piety. Fussy exhibitions of religious fervor would be only disturbing. Firework oratory would be a profanation of that serene atmosphere characterizing the Church. The matter-of-fact way in which the Catholic expresses his devotion is itself a witness to the deep-seated nature of that devotion.

Another illustration will still further enforce this point. When a child is learning to read, he has to spell out each letter of the word and ponder over each word of the sentence. But as he progresses, he is able to take in a whole word at a time and even a whole sentence. It is not longer necessary to examine each part. Subconsciously the significance of the separate letters or words is perceived, the conscious mind concerning itself only with the whole. It is in somewhat this fashion that the Catholic may repeat a Pater Noster or a Hail Mary. The several petitions of these prayers are like the letters of a word. He does not perhaps pray them consciously, but the whole prayer makes up a petition which, subconsciously, contains several separate parts. So with the entire Mass. The Catholic soul, so to speak, takes it in in a glance. It reads the meaning of the whole without closely examining the individual prayers. For him it is a single act of worship. It is only those to whom it is not equally familiar who break it up into its component parts and demand attention to each of these. Thus, what to the outsider may appear irreverence is merely the quicker understanding of those who have followed the service many hundreds of times. "Gabbling one's prayers" is a phrase not infrequently used by ignorant critics to indicate the shorthand methods of practiced devotion.

That there are irreverent Catholics who fulfil their obligations in a perfunctory manner, I have acknowledged, but the idea that the Church encourages the mechanical and soulless repetition of prayers is a Protestant myth—a myth which, be it said in justice, owes its longevity rather to ignorance than to any malicious desire to misrepresent the truth. The fact that I once believed that myth myself but now know better makes me say this.

# Nothing to do

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Here sits a man with nothing to do, Nothing to think about, nothing to say, Nothing to read and nowhere to play, Nothing to labor at,—can this be you?

Often it is; yet think what a shame. Heart that can love God and lips that can pray, Mind that can think of Him all through the day. O man, His creature, be worthy the name! 1

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# Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

INCE it is the naturally ardent tempera-Since it is the linges headlong into work, rushes through it, and is planning the next before he has finished the matter at hand, to convince that typical American that his busy-ness carries his soul almost completely out of the presence of God requires convincing argument. When so many supervisors are prodding sluggish mentalities and bodies continually, when activity is lauded and given rewards, it is difficult for youth to see his tendency to give more attention to his work than to God for whose glory he is doing it. When the best teaching is directed at the will, it seems peculiar that one must be warned to obey God's rather than his own will. When he has been told that all education is self-education and that the best motives come from within, the student must learn to distinguish between the inspiration and sustenance emerging from seeking his own satisfaction and glory and that which seeks God's. In many cases repetition and insistence are imperative in order that the deplorable and disastrous effects of this natural eagerness be corralled.

One young man amplified the idea as a result of reading "Ideals," the first essay in Bishop J. L. Spalding's Education and Higher Life. He chose this quotation as his point of departure:

Our life is feverish; we are in a hurry and are very busy; but that we are laborious is not so evident. He who has learned the secret of labor is patient, because he knows its powers, and is not therefore in a hurry, is not overeager.

It is, of course, only the exceptional young man who realizes that hurry, impetuosity, and busy-ness mar or prevent the richest development of the inner life. To appreciate solitude, to seek serenity is indicative of superior growth.

Serenity is a quality I have constantly striven for and admire, and His Serene Highness has always appealed to me as a first-rate title. Lately, I've been criticized for a lack of impulsiveness and dearth of enthusiasm; so maybe I'm approaching serenity.

On reading your opinion of my possibilities, I have the feeling again that you are overrating me. When I first thought you were, I was panic-strick-

en and used to stoop to trying to let you see those sides of me which would confirm your opinion. Fortunately, that idiocy lasted but a short time and I haven't since consciously dissembled to you. Or at least no more than anyone tries to let someone, whose regard he values, see only the things that would foster that regard. I suppose I stopped as much because I finally realized I wasn't likely to fool you as because the silliness of the performance struck me.

My grandmother came down to visit my uncle last week so I took her to—. I enjoyed it thoroughly while it was going on but when it was over I lapsed right back into my customary placid state of mind, an entirely unique experience for me. Usually after I've seen or heard something on the stage, which I have enjoyed, I glow all over, sometimes for a long time and nearly always for a day or two. If I have the experience again after hearing—next Sunday, I shall be concerned.

All this about nothing but myself, apparently the only thing I enjoy watching or talking about. And it's all so trivial. Surely humility and forgetfulness of self aren't strong in me yet.

In speaking of the impetuous, precipitate soul, Father Donahue said in part:

Self and self-will, rather than God and God's holy will, inspire and sustain such a soul in his labors. His actions are performed more for self than Thus purity of intention, without which actions have no supernatural merit, is not present. consequence, a life may be filled with actions which, though in themselves good, are not meritorious for eternity. St. Gregory the Great has a homily which should give the soul pause in the practice of virtuous actions. Commenting on our Blessed Lord's parable of the ten virgins the Saint says: "All were virgins but all were not saved"; that is, even virginity with all that it means of beauty and heroism is not sufficient to merit life unless there be

(Continued on page 26)

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# Dying for Mother

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

"Thou shalt honor thy mother all the days of her life."-(Tob. 4:3.)



OTHER'S Day has come to stay. The second Sunday of the floral month of each fleeting year sees loyal sons proudly displaying white carnations, the badge of sterling filial love and tender affection for earth's dearest treasure, a being whose greatness,

nobility and worth are all summed up in the sweet title of "Mother." But not one day only in three hundred sixty-five is set aside by a dutiful son as a gala day for his mother, on which to express in word and deed his heartfelt gratitude for her constant care and self-sacrificing love from the helpless days of babyhood. Each day sees him on bended knees imploring blessings on her silvery head, that he, too, may become a partaker of the special blessing promised by God to all His children, through His servant of old, Moses: "Honor thy father and mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee, that thou mayest live a long time, and it may be well with thee in the land, which the Lord thy God will give thee."—(Deut. 5:16.)

This God-imposed duty of daily honoring our earthly mother by filial obedience and genuine piety should serve as a constant reminder of the love and devotion we owe the dearest of spiritual mothers, Mary, who gave us not the life of the body but that of the soul, through her Son during her spiritual travail at the foot of the Cross. It is on Calvary that we learn to sound the depths of fond maternal love and filial affection from Jesus, a model Son, and Mary, a model Mother. Mary sacrifices her only Son to the just wrath of His heavenly Father, and the Divine Victim, Her dutiful Son, by dying, earns for her the graces that by anticipation made her His stainless, virginal Mother and the blessed one among all women, all mothers. Could filial love and respect do more? This last hour of His mortal life was all that He and she had lived for. Till now they had been inseparable. The name of Mother and Son are always linked by the Evangelists when recording the beginning, progress, and consummation of the unfathomable mystery of love, our redemption. Now they must be separated. That new sword of sorrow also was forged by sin. But soon the Son will come again to call her home to her queenly palace and throne.

Mary descends from Calvary and disappears from public view. But tradition will preserve for her grateful children the closing events of her mortal life. Year after year, interwoven with the feasts of her Son, like the small beads of the rosary with the large ones, we keep the feasts that commemorate her singular life as Mother of God on earth. Holy Mother Church never tires of sounding Mary's praises in songs and hymns, the words and melody of which have been elicited from living strings of hearts that have vibrated most with love of her. Yet, whether her praises are sung by the simple laity, consecrated minister, or hooded monk, they draw their inspiration from, hover around, and converge in, the central act of praise and honor on the Altar—the Mass—where Mary's Son dies anew a mystic death to honor "Mother."

#### (Continued from page 23)

the proper motive or intention in the heart of the virgins. "Many," he continues, "afflict their bodies with abstinence and in so doing seek a human reward and are lost. These are the foolish virgins. There are others, however, who macerate their flesh but with their hearts pant after their heavenly home, seek only eternal rewards and are unwilling to receive human praise for their labors. These place their glory not in the mouth of men but hide it in a good conscience.

That epitomizes a difficult problem, requiring frequent repetition and frequent citation of authority to effect the student's assimilation of the ideas. In his *Letters*, (edited by Bernard Holland) Frederick von Hugel speaks of "study or subject matters which perennially attract, humble and satisfy, and then re-enkindle the mind of him who gives himself wholly to them; but lest we misunderstand his attitude it is well to recall that for him the essence of actual lay in heroic virtue and in Adoration. "A religion is not a religion unless it produces heroic acts." His seven great heroic virtues he lists as: courage, purity, compassion, humility, truthfulness, self-abandonment in the hands of God, and spiritual joy. (For illustration see Von Hugel's Essays and Addresses, p. 284). Ruskin speaks of the right faith of man as "not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work.

The Conferences opened up the practice of offering oneself to God (under a discussion thanksgiving after Holy Communion), by lifting our hearts before beginning any work, no matter how seemingly trivial, to God to dedicate our thoughts, word, and actions for the fulfillment of God's pleasure. Every student in my classes (Catholic and non-Catholic) had joined the League of the Sacred Heart at the opening of the school year (many of them had already learned to make the Morning Offering); the Leaflet each month together with the leading article in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart and the Almanac (for which they were encouraged to subscribe), cards bearing prayers to the Holy Ghost for direction, prayers before study, prayers to Our Lady of Good Counsel, and the like, all tended to prepare young men for Father Donahue's words.

#### A freshman engineer writes:

One habit I have acquired since coming to Notre Dame is to offer a little prayer to the Holy Ghost for help before entering each classroom. This practice seems to aid me in almost every instance.

Another habit is to read two chapters of *The Following of Christ* each night before retiring. Thomas a Kempis has written the book so that it reads just as you would like to have some person speak to you. It cheers, encourages, and advises me in every matter of uncertainty.

Another is sufficiently philosophic to see that we all must work; and since this is so, why not work cheerfully?

Nothing has ever been accomplished without work. We must work and the result of our work depends upon the mood we are in. For that reason the good and useful things of life must be done with pleasant thought.

In reading the biographies of great men it may seem to us that they had an easy time of it. We may think that luck just happened to come their way; but they had to work for their chance and make their own opportunities.

On the other hand it may seem to us that we do not have the proper background. Further, if we have not had to struggle through our childhood, we may think that we have no chance to do anything useful in life or to become a person of note. But we all have to work if we intend to accomplish anything.

If we go at our work cheerfully we will enjoy it more, and it will be easier; while if we do our work with a grouch it will be hard, and every day will be looked forward to with dread. So why not abandon the grouch and do our work cheerfully?

A third approaches the hackneyed cui bono from this angle:

To my mind, the crux of this whole matter of the value of "true worth," knowledge, "realities," and spiritual alertness as opposed to shallowness, meanness, worldliness, and sloth is this: What happens to us when we die?

What does happen to us when we die? Of course the good go to heaven and the bad go to hell, but in this paper we shall concern ourselves only with the good. Does each one, when he dies, become a sort of standardized being infinitely happy in the possession of God? If that is so, of what use is any strife or effort whatever in this

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life beyond that barely necessary to get to heaven? Knowledge? Knowing God, we know all things. Realities? God is the only reality. Worth? Of what more can a soul be worthy that is worthy of God? And as for the remaining "true ideal"—contribution to the sum total of the world's knowledge, or beauty, or happiness—they are all of this world, which is vain and passing. Why, then, should we work toward anything here but just bare salvation?

But, you say, God is just. If He is just, could He let the worker—the man who achieved these things of real worth by the sweat of his brow—assume an equality with the loafer—the man who rode through life in a wheel chair? I think not.

When a man possesses God he is infinitely happy. Granted. But infinity is not necessarily the same for one man as for another. "Infinity" for one man might be infinitely greater for the great man than for the small. A dog is infinitely happy with a dish of bones. He can't be any happier; he isn't capable of it. That, I think, is the answer to the whole question.

Let us apply this to our own arguments. Knowing God, we know all things. But one man might know God to a greater extent than another. And could not one man be more worthy of God than another? and closer to God, the only reality? As for this world's beauty, and knowledge, and happiness, they are largely the means by which men reach God. Therefore they are worthy.

How full of meaning that ancient truism that "this life is but a preparation for the next"!

#### What Father Donahue had said was:

This constant offering of one's efforts to God, this constant reminding oneself that what he does is worthless unless done for God, is accompanied by a host of happy results. First of all God is greatly glorified by such conduct. The Sacred Thirst of the Sacred Heart for love is satisfied. Every action will receive an eternal reward. Our glory and joy in heaven will be increased and that throughout eternity. The most insignificant action becomes important because of Him for whom it is done. Instead of being shirked, disagreeable tasks are per-

formed cheerfully and well. The crosses of life are borne patiently and therefore meritoriously. A marvellous peace and calm take possession of the soul. The spiritual rush and precipitation, so dangerous to soul and body and unfortunately so common in America, is overcome. No work is performed in a half-hearted, shipshod manner; everything is done thoroughly.

In an article entitled "Faith and Youth," in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for January, 1928, we have evidence of how our course in orientation for these same freshmen engineers aims to carry out the Pontiff's wish as pronounced when announcing the celebration of St. Aloysius' centenary. In the previous issue of the same magazine, Father Walter, O. S. B., presents an admirable approach to presenting the idea of heroic charity—all of which amplifies the material of our Conferences.

The test for our class work includes chapters on "Why Form Habits?", "How to Motivate Your Work," "How to Make Records," and "How to Diagnose Your Difficulties." While all that material complements Father Donahue's talks, the last chapter in particular, whose approach is similar to that of the Particular Examen, prepares a natural approach to

"Why am I doing this work in which I am engaged?" "Am I doing it for God?" "Have I offered it to God?" "How often have I offered it to God?" "Has my habitual disposition been one of calm and recollection? Then let me renew my offering of self and all my thoughts, words and action to God and without ever losing sight of Him let me go back to my occupations. I should work always in the spirit of the prayer of Michael of Coutances: "O God, make me attend in spirit more to Thee for Whom I work than to the external work which occupies me." We should heed the advice of St. Bernard: "Lend yourself, do not give yourself to your work." Let me do just as much work as God wishes me to do and no more.

During September and October these young men annotate and attempt to work over into habit the ideas from a pamphlet ("Perseverance"), published on the Campus and designed to give practical aid in the formation of character (the purpose of the teaching at the University, as of all Catholic education). During those two months the board bulletin supplements the material in various ways, for instance, to encourage the finer spirits to read "The Confessions of St. Augustine" (a list of

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directive questions and reading suggestions is supplied), we call attention to St. Augustine's description of the stern discipline of St. Monica's nurse, who taught the children self-control and restraint and to St. Monica's use of these examples to teach the practice of moderation, temperance, and Christian self-denial.

While at this time we cannot enter into a discussion of students' reactions to "Perseverance," I append the notes written on the flyleaf at the end of one pamphlet.

I must admit that I was the laziest person on the campus. But since the second quarter commenced, and I realized how much better marks I could have obtained by applying myself, I have turned over a new leaf. I have again started to be a daily Communicant. I started at the beginning of the year but fell "by the wayside." of the fellows at the house where I live have started now and since I had a slight part in their seeming "conversion" I feel ashamed and am renewing this practice with more fervor than ever. To-night as I started to leave Brownson Study Hall I read the Bulletin for to-day. I was surprised to see the name of one of my brother's classmates. I had known him back East. I knew he was to be operated on but I did not know when. Immediately I decided that, while I was going to put off going to Confession until Thursday, I owed him some mortification. I went to the Basement Chapel and made my confession, ashamed that I had fallen into sin scarcely twentyfour hours after Confession and Communion. To-morrow morning I shall offer any graces which are attached to my Holy Communion for his recovery or a happy death.

The habit of the presence of God was introduced in connection with the remote preparation for prayer; and such authority as Holy Scripture, Scaramelli, and Cassian buttressed the exposition and strengthened the impression that if we would achieve our object in life—to become saints—we must acquire this fruitful practice of thinking of, and remembering, God in every place and in every occupation, trying to realize His omnipresence and turning to Him continuously with affections of the soul. God said to Abraham: "Walk before me and be per-(Those who live in union with Him will feel the support of the everlasting Arms helping them overcome every obstacle in the path to perfection.) Noah was a just and perfect man, because "he walked with God." Throughout the Psalms we meet continual variation of the idea "I have walked before Thee" or "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." Scaramelli (Directorium Asceticum, p. 261 ff.) advises the spiritual director to encourage those of his charges eager to adopt this means of achieving high holiness as of more importance than meditation, because periods of illness, administrative demands on one's time, and so forth, interfere with meditation. It is, however, possible during the most pressing business to be conscious of God through the use of ejaculations or by offering all crosses and sufferings or by renewing frequently the purity of intention. Cassian posits the basic fact that before prayer we should be of the same mind as when actually engaged in prayer, because our praying is the result of the state which precedes it.

(To be continued)

# A Shepherd and His Flock

(Continued from page 17)

"What are you driving at, M. le Curé?"

"I shall be very frank with you," he rejoined.
"You would make a slave of her as you have done with other little orphans of the town. She would see no good example there. You are hardly a Christian, Madame. You seldom come to Mass—I have never seen you approach the Holy Table. The child would soon follow in your footsteps. That is not what her father would have wished; when he was dying, he placed her under my protection. My mother and I will take care of her."

"And her little fortune?" inquired the woman, rising from her chair and resting both of her red hands heavily on the table, "what will become of that?"

"Her little fortune!" exclaimed the priest.
"Not enough there to pay the expense of the sickness and burial of the old people."

She made a gesture of incredulity.

"If you are deeply interested you may consult Monsieur the Mayor and Monsieur Legouve, the Notary, they have all the documents. I must bid you good evening Madame," he continued, "my Holy Name Society meets at half past seven."

She turned in the doorway.

"I presume, M. le Curé," she said scornfully, "that you made up the deficit out of the wonderful fund."

"I did," he replied and the interview was

Our gentle Father Sylvain could, now and then, be severe.

(To be continued)

So far as grace is concerned, there is no danger that the demand will ever exceed the supply, since it is infinite.

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# Notes of Interest

# From the Field of Science

-What is light? Most textbooks teach that it is a wave motion in the ether. More than two centuries ago, Sir Isaac Newton taught that light was a motion of small particles in space. Several phenomena of light discovered recently appear to support the theory of Sir Isaac Newton. Other scientists now hold that light is both a wave motion and a motion of small particles,or in higher language, they hold both the undulatory theory and the corpuscular theory.

-Crossing the Atlantic ocean in four days is the plan of certain ship builders. They have recently constructed for the U.S. Navy an airplane carrier capable of developing thirty-three knots,-a speed sufficient for the project. The question of regular passenger traffic across the Atlantic in four days thus reduces itself to a question of economy: will be increased cost in construction and operation be balanced by the increase in passenger fare, and the saving of time?

-The largest glass disk mentioned sometime ago in these notes, appears to be a success. The disk was cast in May, 1927, and when recently uncovered after such long cooling, it appeared remarkably free of strain. The disk will be used for the lens of the Perkins Observatory in Ohio.

-The oft-mooted question of sun-ray baths from artificial light is undergoing an interesting test in England. Miners who work underground during the day will be the subjects. Fifty miners will be treated with the rays, and the results checked with the other miners who do not receive the treatment.

-To prevent accidents at grade crossings, the Southern Pacific is experimenting with locomotive whistles audible to an auto driver three miles away.

-A ten-million-dollar building, impregnable against robbers, fire, and earthquake, is to be the home of the leading bank in Japan. The building is constructed as one unit,-so strong that it could be set on end without strain.

-The Panama Canal needs more water! the increase in tonnage passing through the canal draws heavily on the water impounded in Gatun Lake, and the engineers have called attention to the danger of water shortage in case of successive dry seasons.

-Extremes meet in the excavations at Herculaneum The extremes are the told primitive near Pompeii. method of excavation with spade and the final removal of dirt with modern tip cars. Herculaneum's tragic history has no parallel. A torrent of water and mud moved slowly down the slopes of Vesuvius and what burning ashes did to Pompeii, the water and mud did to its sister city of Herculaneum. The excavations are slow work. Cinders and ashes are easy to remove, but mud is ten times more costly and difficult. She finds for the archaeologist and artist have been so wonderful that great things are expected in the near future. 1 the

-The stomach has a wonderful capacity! A recent

case of an insane person who swallowed metal substances, and was obliged to undergo a stomach operation, revealed 2533 different pieces in the stomach. Among the items were 947 bent pins, 865 pieces of bent wire, besides a miscellaneous assortment of safety pins, tacks, etc.

—The American diet has become so soft, that fibrous substances have often been recommended as an aid to stimulate the bowels. One great favorite is bran. Unfortunately the laxative action of many such coarse substances is also irritating. Too much roughage for some persons may lead to inflammation of the intestinal tract.

-Potatoes, maize, cacao, beans, peanuts, rubber, and other plants were domesticated in America long before Columbus discovered America. For these, thanks are due to the American Indian.

-The largest dirigible, now building in England, will carry one hundred passengers and a crew of

-Few people realize the great economic change going on in the increase of individual transportation per Whilst the increase of paved roads is eleven per cent, the increase in automobiles is twenty per cent. This is producing greater congestion in traffic Many steps are proposed to solve the problems. One important movement is to standardize the traffic signs in the cities and along the highways. Some states are building super-highways, up to 204 feet broad. Another development is separate highways for freight and passenger service. Great interest attaches to a special grade crossing, in northern Chicago, -through-traffic going overhead, whilst other traffic passes below.

-We now have music for the eye as well as for the ear. Whilst a perforated roll plays the piano, it also projects on a screen the explanations pertaining to the music. A small model for the home will soon be placed on the market.

-Perpetual winter reigns only a few miles from us, -upwards. This, added to the rarefied state of the atmosphere, makes altitude flying very difficult. Recent developments in oxygen supplies have enabled the aviators to rise higher and higher to touch 'the ceiling.' Physiologists however are placing the possible height of flight at about 50,000 feet. They maintain that the reduction of atmospheric pressure will effect the body as well as the lungs.

#### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

- -No matter how airplanes increase, they will never crowd out the air castles.
- Some states are said to spend twice as much on wild life as on child life. One exchange asks: 'Why the distinction?
- -Truth in advertising?-Two-car ownership is an economy?

-Much of the white man's burden is at the waist line.

-Fuelless motors are suggested for certain political machines.

-It is surprising how some fish gain weight,-after they are caught.

—Figures are peculiar,—unemployment much on the increase, and the gasoline consumption increased 12.4 per cent last year.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

#### Miscellaneous

—Hank Benning, of Kansas City, a convert to the Church, made his first Holy Communion on the occasion of his golden wedding anniversary.

—Rev. Godfrey Schilling, O. F. M., of Mt. St. Sepulchre at Washington, who was ordained at Oldenburg, Indiana, on March 19, 1878, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on the feast of St. Joseph. In 1883 Father Godfrey was sent to the Holy Land. There and in Egypt he spent eight years. For a while he had the distinction of being pastor at Nazareth where the Holy Family once lived. In Cairo, Egypt, he built a church to commemorate the flight of St. Joseph into Egypt. The beautiful church and monastery of Mt. St. Sepulchre, so rich in mementoes of the Holy places, stand as a monument to the Venerable Franciscan who is now in the evening of a long and fruitful life in the service of God.

—After the burning of the Church of St. Joseph at Mountain View, Calif., said to have been the work of incendiaries, the pastors of the local Adventist and Presbyterian congregations offered their churches to the less fortunate Catholics for Sunday services. Mass was consequently offered up in the Presbyterian church. —A similar case is reported also from Osage, Iowa, where the Catholic church had been burned. The Baptists and Methodists kindly offered their churches to the Catholics for services.

—Recently there died at Cherbourg, France, the Abbe Jean-Baptiste Lecler, who was one of seven brothers in the priesthood, with a sister a nun. One of the brothers died last year.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Speariett, of Preston, England, who have been married twenty-eight years, had their twenty-fourth child baptized in March. Fourteen strong, healthy children are living, and of these nine are under fourteen years of age. There was only one set of twins. On speaking of her children, Mrs. Speariett said it was good cooks they want nowadays and not doctors.

—Ground was broken in Mobile on March 17th by Bishop Thomas J. Toolen for the new Central Catholic High School for girls. It is expected that the building, which is to be modern in every respect, will be ready by September for use.

—The Ursuline Nuns of New Orleans have just celebrated the second centenary of their foundation in that city, where they were first established in 1728. The celebration was a four-day affair.

-The retiring President of the Catholic University

at Washington, Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, has held the responsible office of President for nineteen years, but he has been connected with the University for forty years.

—Rev. Francis X. Nicoleau, a Marist priest, who died recently at Makogai in the Fiji Islands of leprosy, which he contracted from the natives, had spent thirty-six years among these Islanders for their conversion. For six years this heroic missioner had been afflicted with the dread disease. During nine years he had been chaplain at the leper colony, then six years a victim.

—In a letter to the *Prairie Messenger* (Muenster, Sask., Canada) Patrick Sarsfield Maxwell says that the little town of Kilrain, Glenties, Co. Donegal, Ireland, holds the record for religious vocations. The village numbers thirteen families, and these have given to the Church thirteen priests and four nuns. One of the priests was the Late Cardinal O'Donnell, also Dr. John O'Donnell of Maynooth College, Dublin.

#### Benedictine

—The College attached to Mary Help Abbey, Belmont, N. C., will celebrate its golden jubilee on June 4, 5, and 6. The monastery, which was founded from St. Vincent's Archabbey in 1875, was raised to the rank of abbey on Dec. 9, 1884; on June 8, 1910, a further distinction was conferred upon this foundation when it became an abbey nullius and its superior an Abbot-Ordinary with jurisdiction over the eight surrounding counties.

—St. Meinrad Abbey has entered its seventy-fifth year. March 21, 1928, was the seventy-fourth time that the feast of St. Benedict was celebrated at the monastery. In later issues of The Grail we intend to give our readers some of the historic details concerning the community that Einsiedeln planted in Southern Indiana.

—The monks of St. Benedict Abbey near Mount Angel, Oregon, which was destroyed by fire in September, 1926, moved into their new fireproof home on March 19, 1928. The new abbey church was blessed two days later on the feast of St. Benedict by Archbishop Howard, of Portland. Rev. M. S. Bohan, O. P., preached the sermon. Bishop McGrath, of Baker City, several monsignors, and many of the Portland clergy were present in the sanctuary. The new building, which is constructed of reenforced concrete, faced with brick, is three stories high and has a frontage of 360 feet.

—The St. Ottilien mission of Lindi, in South Africa, has been raised to the rank of an abbey nullius. The first abbot-ordinary will be blessed in May. Besides a number of lay brothers the community has twenty-seven priests, but this number will be increased this summer by six more from St. Ottilien. Rt. Rev. Gallus Steiger, O. S. B., is Prefect-Apostolic of Lindi. There are 35,000 Christians in the Prefecture.—In the Vicariate of Eshowe, Zululand, Africa, which was erected in 1923, there are ten Benedictine priests. The faith is making progress slowly. There are at present about 2,500 Christians in the Vicariate.

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# Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

#### Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Fort Totten, N. D. Express and freight to same address.
Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. P. O. Stephan, S. D.; express and freight should be sent via Highmore, S. D.
Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. P. O. Marty, S. D.; express and freight, via Ravinia, S. D.

### The Beautiful Month of May

The month of May will be welcomed, not only in the cities, but still more out at the missions, where the inhabitants of the poor flimsy cabins and tents may now come out into the open, without having to huddle halffrozen around the fire, which is wholly inadequate when the wild Dakota winds start blowing. Then, too, the Indians have a tender devotion to Mary, and they love the ceremonies of the Church in her honor. The children roam the woods and prairies in search of wild flowers to put on her altar, and the old chiefs and their wives and grown daughters and sons are seen kneeling in church, saying their beads very devoutly and earnest

Spring breaks in the Dakotas much as it does here ith us; May finds the weather usually balmy, and the with us; May finds the weather usually balmy, and the grass and flowers come up thick and luxuriant. The Indians usually plow up their ground and start truck patches; these do well while the spring rains are on, but often, in July and August, all their labor is lost through drouths. This has happened during many years; last year, however, the summer was not as dry as usual, with the result that some potatoes and other produce was obtained. produce was obtained.

#### Seven Dolors Mission

Ever since January the Indians have eagerly been hauling sand for the new school, and, now, that the frost is out of the ground, excavation will begin. The Indians will do the digging themselves, and Father Ambrose is glad to have something for them to do, for hard they have been out of work nearly all winter. He will pay them something, and this will help them to get along and buy food and other necessaries. Times are

always hard on the reservation in winter. There are no industries, and jobs are few and far be-tween. The women try to help out by making quilts and beadwork, but the small income from this work is uncertain at best.

Father Ambrose writes how grateful he is to those faithful ones who have kept up the payments on the pledge tickets; some have been paying \$1.00 a month, some \$5.00 for six months, some have subscribed othabout amounts whatever length of time they felt they could keep it up. But still Father is worried about the immense price of materials, and the money he has in hand is inadequate. He wants to build a fireproof school this time, so that little lives will never more be in danger from inflammable wooden buildings. "If only a few more would subscribe to the brick and tile fund," he says, "my mind would be a little easier. The Indians will do all they can, but we must have at least one or two skilled workmen for the stone and brick, and they demand high prices." Write CLARE HAMPTON for pledge tickets.

#### The Church a Boon

"The new church is a factor for untold good among our Indians," continues Father Ambrose. "Nearly three hundred little children assemble there every Sunday, and from their innocent hearts many a prayer is sent heavenwards for their kind benefactors. The church exerts a good influence over the older Indians too, for temptations seem stronger here than elsewhere. Newly acquired liberties through citizenship, the open divorce courts, and bootleg whiskey, together with questionable dance halls, prepare many a pitfall for the adults, whose only salvation lies in the saving grace of religion."

So you see, your dollar not only prepares a place of worship and a place of education for those poor people out West who have so little, but it actually saves souls, through the good that will be propagated in these buildings. Do you know what St. Augustine says of a person who does this?—"Have you saved a soul? Then you have predestinated your own." By helping to save the souls of these poor Indians, you are unlocking the door of Heaven for supporting the land leads of the souls of the soul of Heaven for yourself; our Lord looks down with a peculiar tenderness on the soul who brings other souls to Him. He rewards with an infinite generosity, for He has limitless treasures at His command.

### What the School will Contain

Father Ambrose hopes to have three schoolrooms, a dormitory, a children's living room, one each for boys and girls, a kitchen, a dining room, a laundry, and assembly room. He writes that if there is anyone who

would like to take over the cost of one of these rooms, he would be glad to name it after any Saint designated by the benefactor—or, too, it may be donated in memory of the dead, and a suitable name plate will be placed above the placed above the door of such a room.

### Clothing has done Much Good

The missionary also wishes to express his deepest grati-tude to all those who so kindly sent him used clothing during the year, for,



Father Ambrose with two lambs of his flock at their log cabin

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he says, it has proven a veritable godsend. He begs to ask, now that spring house-cleaning time is here, that all those who have discarded clothing will send it out direct to him. And, another thing: doubtless there are many people who have used school books at home that are no longer needed. Father would like you to hunt up any Bible Histories you may have at home, and send them out to him, for he wishes to place one of them in the hands of each child at the Government School. They are very fond of Bible stories, and the pictures arrest their attention as nothing else will. Also, any remnants, shelf-worn goods, and particularly children's shoes will be most welcome.

#### First Funeral in the New Church

Jesse Jackson, an Indian boy, was enjoying with other boys a joyous coasting party on New Year's Day. The snow was good, and so was Maxwell Hill, but poor Jesse did not notice that he was heading for a big tree. He hit it with such force that he injured himself internally and died in a few hours. Father Ambrose gave him the Last Sacraments. Six of the biggest boys carried his coffin from the school to the new church, and two hundred and fifty boys and girls followed behind. After Mass they took him to St. Michael's, seven miles away, where his Indian friends came for his burial.

#### Immaculate Conception Mission

This mission is farther south than Seven Dolors, yet this winter there was more snow there than up in North Dakota. In January there was a short thaw, but February found the thermometer down to eight below zero again, and on some days the wind had a terrific velocity, and blizzards were frequent. On Ash Wednesday Father Justin went through all the snow to have Mass for the Indians at Soldier Creek. One good old Indian woman, Mrs. Walking Crane, came from a long distance through the blizzard, fasting, in order to receive Holy Communion. But she arrived there after it was all over, and felt very grieved because she could not receive her Lord. However, Father told her that God would reward her for her zealous efforts to get there just the same.

The Indians are like that; once they have given their allegiance to the true God, they think but little of long distances and hardships in order to satisfy their piety. From Soldier Creek Father Justin went to Fort Thompson, where he had his breakfast. Another poor old Indian lady, Mrs. Black, was to be buried there. She had been suffering for several years, and it seems our Lord kept her alive just long enough for the missionary to arrive and give her the Last Sacraments. Father Justin had been away for a week on retreat; hardly had he returned, but he was summoned by the catechist,



New Laundry-Immaculate Conception Mission

who said that Mrs. Black was very low. Two Sisters and two school girls went with him, and prayed the rosary for her all the way. She was already in her death agony when they arrived, but revived enough to receive Holy Communion, which she made an heroic effort to swallow. She lay in a one-room log cabin with a dirt floor. When she was anointed, the Sisters and girls gathered around the deathbed and sang "To Jesus' Heart All Burning." A large crowd attended the funeral, though it was bitterly cold.

#### New Oven Needed

The old oven at Immaculate Conception Mission is so worn out from its thirty-three years of constant use that the Sisters have an awful time whenever they want to bake bread in it. But there are no convenient bakeries just around the corner where bread might be purchased for two hundred hungry mouths three times a day, such as we are used to, so the poor nuns and girls just have to put up with the trouble and inconvenience of the old burnt-out oven. A salesman was down there the other day, trying to sell Father Justin a new oven. Oh, how Father wanted that oven? The salesman gave him a price of \$285.00 on it, stating that he might pay \$95 down, and the rest later. But Father was forced to tell him that he could not even pay down 95¢, and with a heavy heart, he had to let the man depart without purchasing the thing so badly needed.

Who will ease the good missionary's worried heart, so that he may have the wherewithal to pay for this oven, before the other one gets so bad that they might have to do without bread? Wouldn't that be terrible? But, just as several good friends helped him out in the pressing need of sewing machines last year, there will surely be other kind hearts ready to assist him this time. Remember, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the blessedness makes itself felt at once.

#### St. Paul's Mission

The school is buzzing like a busy beehive; children studying hard, learning many useful things, preparing for the Sacraments, praying with sincere, innocent hearts for benefactors. Under the excellent management of the good Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, which Order devotes itself exclusively to mission work, the children are healthy, well-fed, and very neatly clothed. It has been remarked that, although most of the children's clothing is from charity boxes, no one would ever know it, so well are they fitted. This great "enterprise of souls" is carried on entirely by gratis donations of money and clothing from good people in the States, and Father Sylvester says it is often a wonderful thing to see how Divine Providence cares for them. Sometimes when bills are piled up and Father knows not where the next dollar is coming from, he gets his "Little Bronzed Angels" to go to chapel and pray very devoutly to the Little Flower, (who has been proclaimed patroness of all missions,) and lo! good friends seem to turn up in the nick of time, and help him to satisfy his creditors.

One lady who is a widow, wanted to know how much it would cost to outfit a bed for the dormitory. She wanted a name plate attached in memory of her dead child. They have all been bought on credit and are now in use, the furniture company having given twelve months in which to pay the bill. Only a few of them are paid for so far.

Father states that just at present the mission is in need of children's shoes, boys' suspenders, and leather strips and half soles for repairing children's shoes. Whoever has anything of the kind about the house that he does not need, will find a ready welcome for them at St. Paul's Mission. Also, Sister Ambrose would like

(Continued on page 41)



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The beautiful month of May with its flowers and sunshine has returned. Birds are singing in leafy galleries, and glad little children are running hither and thither with baskets to gather violets, dandelions, sheep sorrel and perhaps a straying rose or two that has come in advance of its lovely kind.

What is more delightful than springtime! Azure skies reflected in stream and lake, sunbeams skimming over the water, perfume-laden breezes everywhere!

over the water, perfume-laden breezes everywhere!

The month of May is Mary's own—Mary, the Mother of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Those who can should attend holy Mass in her honor, taking part in special devotions daily. If it is not possible to attend Mass, then each child should strive to say at least an extra Hail Mary in her honor. The following prayer is short, and one that anyone can say without loss of much time.

"O Mary, my Queen and my Mother, in the name of Jesus and for the love of Jesus, we beg of thee to take our cause in hand and assure for us its prompt success."

> May, May, sunshiny May, Dancing breezes skip away; Happy children laugh and play, Chasing sunbeams all the day.

May 17 is Ascension Day, a holyday of obligation, when every Catholic is bound under pain of mortal sin to hear holy Mass unless excused for some justifiable reason.

Decoration Day, which falls on May 30, happens to be also an ember day this year.

The Little Bronzed Angel, a splendid little paper published in the interest of the Indian mission at Marty, S. D., by Father Sylvester, O. S. B., contains news of the mission and stories that make very enjoyable reading. All the children of the CORNER would enjoy reading about the little Bronzed Boys and Girls. The subscription price, which is \$1 per year, helps to feed, clothe, and educate the "little bronzed angels." How many of you are helping in the good work?

#### The Little Bird

#### ROBERT CAPESIUS

A little bird came to my door And bade me watch him fly, When swift he cuts the sky-blue air And sails away on high.

He bade me listen to his song
He sings at early morn,
When I'm asleep and never see
How the new day is born.

He told me that for pleasure's sake He sings the whole day long, And that Aurora is his book And nature is his song.

I wish I could like that lone bird Sing music wondrous fair, And fly with wings and lift myself On high up in the air.

But I am just a lowly man
Like birds I'll never fly,
And never shall I sing as they
And never soar on high.

It's God above Who bids them fly, It's God Who makes their song, The God Who orders little birds To sing when they are young.

#### Soliloguy

#### NELL BRIGGS MORETTI

I should like to set me down Upon a great, bare hill; And set me there until God's pure air had swept The turmoil from my brain; Until my heart is purged Of life's futility and pain. Until my soul has reached The heights for which I long; Till I at last discern Between the right and wrong. Oh, help me climb the hill, To sit in tearful prayer; All the longings of my heart Are for Mother Mary fair.

#### The Little Blacksmith

#### V. D.

"Pray, what's your name, my little Miss?"
"My name, Sir, 's Mary Jane.
My papa owns the blacksmith shop
A mile down the lane."

"What keeps you busy, little Miss, Beneath these summer skies?" "My daddy shoes the horses, Sir; And I,—I shoo the flies."

#### Sunset

#### A. HUYSER

Refulgent streams of golden light Gleam from the West afar And gild the snow-capped mountain peaks— The "Golden Gate's" ajar!

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A First Communion Class at Assisi, a mission station in Natal, South Africa (P. O. Mehlomnyama). To the reader's left is a European Sister of the Precious Blood, while to the right is a native postulant for the sisterhood of the Daughters of St. Francis. The convent at Assisi is very poor.

### Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and Song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet Lily-bells
Ringing to Church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled by Nature's hand,
Black, brown, and green;
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes, with his bass voice,
The chorister Bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres;
Low, singing-bird voices;
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons,
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the Columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced Anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great Yellow Violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;

Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood Geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed:
All are assembled,
This sweet Sabbath-day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

J. G. Whittier.

#### Jazz

What is the awful roar I hear, The doleful sound that greets my ear; The sob and shriek and ghastly wail That strike the air like bits of hail?

What means that strange, unearthly groan, Unlike a sob, not like a moan? Does that fierce, blood-curdling yell Come from the place where demons dwell?

But hark! A melody I hear, So sweet and old, so soft and clear; Like babbling brook and singing bird The loveliest song I ever heard!

It reminds me of the morning sun, Of twilight hour when day is done, Of sparrows chirping in the trees, Of dancing leaves in playful breeze.

And then—a roar, a shriek, a sob— Uncanny howls of ghoulish mob A pause—a crash that deafens one! "Tis o'er.—The orchestra is done.

Agnes Brown Hering.

#### Gimme

Gimme an iron cushion, Gimme a good long whip, Gimme four old pelters, Gimme some sod to rip.

Gimme an old tin Lizzie, Gimme a gallon o' gas, Gimme three quarts of oil, Gimme room to pass.

Gimme a powerful airplane, Gimme two wings or four, Gimme some ground to fall on, Gimme nothing more.

A. V. H.

### Spring

Up comes the primrose wondering; The snowdrop droopeth by; The holy spirit of the spring Is working silently.

-George MacDonald.

Tran Grais

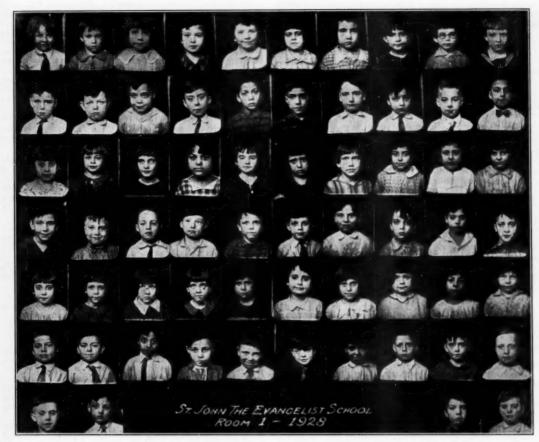
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It is quite unusual, isn't it, to see a class picture in THE GRAIL? Just listen while I let you in on the secret and you will surely agree with me that the Eighth Grade of St. John the Evangelist School, Pittsburgh, is wide awake, full of "pep," and deserves to be thus honored.

The children of the eighth grade of St. John's School saw that the editor of THE GRAIL was trying to raise a memorial membership fund to the memory of the saintly Pope Pius X—the little children's Pope—and they very rightly thought that they could lend a helping hand in the good work. Accordingly, they sent five dollars for that purpose. Wasn't that generous of them?

Now comes the thought to the editor that possibly there are other classes or schools that might like to imitate the good example that has been set at Pittsburgh and help us to get up a memorial membership entirely by children. The sum required is one hundred dollars. If there were nineteen other schools, or classes, that would each send us five dollars for the purpose, the PIUS X MEMORIAL MEMBERSHIP would be a reality. How lovely that would be. What class, or school, will be next? We shall publish the names, with the amount of money sent in, in the order in which the donations are received.

Pope Pius X deserves well of the children. It is proper that we call him the children's Pope, for it was he who not only permitted the little ones to receive Holy Communion as soon as they come to the use of reason, but he even gave orders that they should approach the Holy Table. Don't you think it would be a grand thing for the children to show their appreciation by making a gift towards the Pius X Memorial Membership fund?

Do you know what the fund is for? The Catholic Press Association is raising a fund which it calls "The Catholic Literary Awards Foundation." With the interest, which this foundation will draw, many big prizes in cash will be given every year for the best short story, poem, essay, and so on that is written by a Catholic and appears in some Catholic paper or magazine. Perhaps some day many of you children who are now readers of the CHILDREN'S CORNER will win some of these prizes, because many of you are going to write when you grow up. You will then be glad that you contributed your mite towards this fund.

We hope that it will be possible for the children of the CORNER to raise all by themselves a memorial membership in the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation, which we are going to name the "Pius X Memorial Membership."

How many names of classes or schools shall we be able to publish in the June number of THE GRAIL? It won't make any difference how large or how small your contribution is. Because the Eighth Grade of St. John the Evangelist School sent in five dollars, we merely suggested above that if there were nineteen others that would send in five dollars, this memorial membership

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would be complete.—Send your contributions to Father Benedict, O. S. B., Editor of The Grail, St. Meinrad,

#### LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

The new "B. Z. B. Diligence Buttons" for the CHILDREN'S CORNER are here and ready to mail. In order to win a new button you must have won a "Fidelity Button" first. But that is not all. Your letter in order to win a new button, must contain something of merit, something worthwhile. The March issue of THE GRAIL told you what your letter must contain. If you did not read the March issue, get a copy and do so. No mistakes will be tolerated. You must follow

so. No mistakes will be tolerated. You must follow all the rules and follow them carefully.

The new buttons are entirely different from the "Fidelity Buttons." You will be sure to like them.

Another thing. THE CORNER is receiving so many letters that, after this, we shall throw into the wastebasket all those that do not follow the rules. The rules are given in every issue. Read them. Heed them.

Write your letters and weed them. The wastabasket Write your letters and weed them. The wastebasket doesn't need them.

Everyone, at attention! Leave off your slipshod, careless ways, and all pull together for a bigger and better corner. Who will win the first new button?

#### SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter

can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge. Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Emma Staes, 1552 Juneway, Chicago.—Emma would like for more of the Cornerites to write her. Marie Mezydlo, 2815 E. 88 St., Chicago.—Marie has heard from two Cornerites. She would like to hear from others too.

Lucille Sullivan, 1736 Garfield Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.—Lucille has been very ill, but is better again. She has received some very interesting letters from a Kentucky Cornerite. She invites others to correspond with

Helen Schepens, 519 W. 160 St., New York City.—
"I belong to a club called J. U. G. We are planning to have a paper and each one is to contribute a story, a poem, a picture, or some news. We are going to print this paper with the hectograph printing set."

Anna Mae Klein (age 18), 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky. — Anna Mae invites correspondents.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

Mary Adele Wickens (age 16), Greensburg, Ind., sings the praises of her home town and tells of the famous maple tree that is growing on the roof of the

courthouse there. She is a Camp Fire Girl.

Frances Klein (age 14), 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky. She expresses the hope that all the Cornerites will write her.

George M. Reynolds (age 16), 1755 Hopkins Ave., Norwood, O., one of the first winners of the "Fidelity Button," is still interested in the Corner. He has made many friends among the Cornerites.—Comply with the rules in this issue, George, and win a B-Z-B Button.

Ellen Dundas Douglas (age 13), Staunton, Va., says that her home town is in Augusta Co., in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

Staunton, now nearly two hundred years old, has made so much history that I am sure Aunt Agnes could not give me sufficient space to go into detail in this letter. Therefore, I must confine myself to telling a few of the principal events.

As far as is known, the country now embraced in Augusta County, was never visited or seen by white men before the year 1716. The first passage of the Blue Ridge Mountains and discovery of the Valley by white men was made by Governor Spottswood in 1716.

It was in commemoration of this famous expedition that Governor Spottswood sought to establish the order of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

A strange uncertainty has existed as to the date and some of the circumstances of the first settlement of Augusta County. But it is believed that John Lewis, a native of Donegal, Province of Ulster, Ireland, and of Scottish descent, who came to the Valley from Lan-caster, Pa., in 1732, was the first white settler of Augusta County.

But I find so much to tell of our town and County that, if Aunt Agnes will kindly allow me space from time to time, and if the Cornerites would like to know more of the history of this beautiful Valley, I will be so happy to tell it in instalments. Please let me know, Aunt Agnes, and I would be so glad to hear from the Cornerites about it.

A fine letter. Leave a margin next time and win a B-Z-B Button.

#### FIDELITY BUTTON

Aileen Mattingly (age 17), RFD, Box 177, New aven, Ky. Aileen attends St. Catherine's High School. Haven, Ky. Aileen attends St. Catherine's High School. She would like to hear from Cornerites about her age.

She would like to hear from Cornerites about her age.
Adele Bagdon (age 14), 9516 Russell St., Detroit,
Mich., is in the first year of high school at Blessed
Sacrament Academy. She reads the corner with interest and would like to correspond with other Corner-

Dorothy Fites (age 12), 314 S. Franklin St., Winamac, Ind., has sent us a neatly typed letter. Dorothy is in the seventh grade at St. Peter's School. She looks forward with pleasure to each new number of "The Grail."

Lucille Schnellenberger (age 13), St. Meinrad, Ind., who is in the eighth grade, has sent us a poem, which, for lack of space, has been crowded out. Several other poems were sent us, but these too had to be excluded for the same reason. Let us have some letters from St. Meinrad.—It might be interesting to other Cornerites to hear that, as all the inhabitants at St. Meinrad are Catholics, the public school there is taught by the Benedictine Sisters. There are a few other public schools in the same neighborhood that are taught by the

Bernadetta Roth (age 14), 712 Central Ave., New-port, Ky., who attends the Corpus Christi School, is in the first year Commercial. The school is taught by the Sisters of Divine Providence.

Isabel Malone (age 12), 6048 S. Talman, Chicago, a pupil of the sixth grade at St. Rita's School, which is taught by the Dominican Sisters. (The editor of "The Grail" said Mass at St. Rita's Church during the Eucharistic Congress, but he didn't meet Isabel.) Isabel says that she enjoys "The Grail" very much and likes the stories therein, especially "Hidden Gold" and "Orphan Stella." She has two sisters: Agnes, who is nine and in the fourth grade, and Helen, who is four. She would like for some of the girls to write her.

Mary Beazley (age 16), 1574 Tremont St., Roxbury,

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Georgia Bernadette Thompson (age 8), Creighton, Nebr., is in the third grade at the St. Ludger Academy. She would like to hear from some of the girl and boy

readers of the Corner.

Dorothy Bradley (age 16), Athertonville, Ky., attends school at New Haven, Ky., where the Ursuline Sisters teach. She requests correspondents among the boys and girls who read the Corner.

Mary Kathryn O'Leary (age 15), 2159 Poplar St., Terre Haute, Ind., is a sophomore at St. Patrick's Academy, where she is taking a four-year combined course, which she hopes to finish in two years. Mary Kathryn invites all the Cornerites of her age and older to write her. (Just between you and me, wouldn't it be a great surprise if all the Cornerites would accept the invitation and send her a shower of letters? She

the invitation and send her a shower of letters? She would surely have her hands full.)

Margaret Kramer (age 16), 2305 Poplar St., Terre Haute, Ind., is also a pupil of St. Patrick's Academy, which is taught by the Sisters of Providence. In a "P. S." Margaret adds: "I would like to hear from the Cornerites."

Dolores Raschella (age 16), 28 Pleasant Ave., Wee-hawken, N. J.

hawken, N. J.

Margaret Barska (age 15), Anderson, Ind., says that she waits eagerly each month to read "The Grail." She attends St. Mary's School, which is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. She has three brothers and a sister going to school. "I would like to hear from boys and girls my age or older. I will answer all letters." Martha Elsner (age 12), R. R. No. 6, North Vernon, Ind., is interested in the "Children's Corner." She is in the seventh grade. Eight children, four boys and four girls, make up the junior members of the family.

Estelle Zalkauskas (age 16). 3155 S. Union Ave..

Estelle Zalkauskas (age 16), 3155 S. Union Ave., Chicago, is in second year of high school and enjoys her work. Estelle has a hobby of collecting pictures

and other articles from every state and country. She would like to have correspondents.

Louise Allam (age 16), has been living at Appalachia, Va., but she is now in Detroit. Appalachia is surrounded by mountains and beautiful scenery. The American Legion State Convention is to be held there in August

Mary O'Malley (age 13), 6137 S. Hermitage Ave.,

Chicago. Elizabeth Kachin (age 12), 4811 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, says that every day when she comes from school, she looks in the mail box to see whether the mailman has brought "The Grail." Elizabeth is in the sixth grade at Holy Cross School.

Edward and Laurence Edwards (age 10 and 11), 5618 Wentworth Ave., Chicago. Helen Steele (age 12), 1317 W. 98 St., Chicago.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although I've written to the "Corner" before I did not see my letter printed so I'm trying again.... I find the letters very interesting and I've written to some of the girls. I received some very nice replies too. I go to the new Mission Church High School and I am in the New-is in by the third year. We are very proud of our high school because it is one of the finest and best equipped buildings in the United States.—Well, I must close now....
Will some of the Cornerites please write to me? I will answer.—Mary Beazley, 1574 Tremont Ave., Roxbury, Mass. icago,

Dear Aunt Agnes:-

I promised that I would write again so here I am.
Aunt Agnes, I am sorry to say that, although my
name was among those who won "Fidelity Buttons," I ame was among those who won "Fidelity Buttons," I didn't receive any. Won't you please send me one? I am very anxious to wear one.

Why don't the "Cornerites" write about the state in

xbury, which they live so that the others will know how the scenery is in other states than their own? Well, I

think I'll be original and tell of my state, New Jersey. As each state is marked with some natural distinction, so N. J. is marked with a resort called Lakewood. It is a resort for invalids. There is some healing power given off by the sun in that vicinity that no matter how

given on by the sun in that vicinity that no matter how a person is affected, he is usually cured.

There is also another beautiful spot called Lake Hopatkong. This is a resort, not for invalids but a summer resort. The Catholic Daughters of America have a camp for girls there. I went up last summer and it was wonderful. The chaplain's name is Father Corcoran. Every sport imaginable is to be had: Swimming riding beating tenns and other laws general.

ming, riding, boating, tennis and other lawn games.
Hoping to hear from the girls and boys, I remain,
Your niece, Dolores Raschella, 28 Pleasant Ave., Wee-hawken, N. J.

Thank you for the neat, typewritten letter.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Dear Aunt Agnes:
I've been going to write to you for ever so long. I am, like many others, trying for a button. Last summer I joined the "Hobby Club" in which each member must have a hobby. In answer to my letter I received a card. Later they gave pins. I wrote, not trying to win the weekly prize for letter writing, but to become the possessor of a pin. To my surprise a few days later I received an answer from George R. Cleveland, the Hobby Man, requesting my presence for a few moments to talk over the radio and to get acquainted with some of the members. I was unable to attend that particular evening. I do not know whether you print noems but I evening. I do not know whether you print poems but I wrote a poem which I call "O'er the Well-worn Path." I would be very grateful if you would publish it for me in the beloved corner..... I live at 6137 S. Hermitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Your new niece, Mary O'Mal-

Sorry we can't print the poem, but so many letters take up all available space.

Dear Aunt Agnes,
I was glad to see my name in the corner and I am
eagerly waiting for my button. So here we are again

eagerly waiting for my button. So here we are again to tell you of some relics we have in our family.

My grandfather was digging in his garden and his spade struck something hard. It proved to be the grave of an old Indian Chief. His teeth were firm and perfect in the skull. As soon as the air struck the blanket it crumbled away.

Resulting beads were in the grave and the call.

Beautiful beads were in the grave and the gold arm bands were engraved in Canada over a hundred years ago. Some of the jewelry he gave to a museum but we

have the arm bands and teeth.

Mother has three relies. One is a glass saltcellar that belonged to her great grandmother in Germany. It was given to her by her uncle, a general in the Belgian Army, so is very old. Then we have a beautiful altar cloth embroidered over a hundred years ago in Ireland. The sister of a priest spent a long time making it and it has, what appears to be a wine stain on it.

It has, what appears to be a wine stain on it.

Next is a bed we have about a hundred years old.

You have to walk up two steps to climb into it, it's so high. It is like one Lincoln prefered and mother says it is still in the White House. My grandfather shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, so I am glad we have a bed like one he slept in.

We have no relies from the world war, but our priest.

We have no relics from the world war, but our priest, Father Retzick was a chaplain in the World War and tells us interesting things about Europe and the war. Aunt Agnes, our church is built like an old Castle on

the Rhine. My father says it is the most beautiful one in the city. We have a billiard and pool room for the young men of the parish. My father says that it is a good idea to have a place for us men folks to get together in.

Aunt Agnes, thanks for reading our last letter.

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Love and best wishes to all. Edward and Laurence Edwards.

This is a fine letter. Next time leave a margin at both edges and win a B-Z-B Button.—Describe your church in detail and send us a postcard view.

Dear Aunt Agnes:
Anxiously I wait for the postmaster to deliver the
Grail and when it comes I read it from cover to cover, especially the corner. I want to tell you of the thing that interests us the most in our parish and school. Our wonderful pastor and our new church. When our pastor came out here three years ago we had a poor little church and we were hardly giving enough money to pay parish house expenses. Now, after three years of his gracious coaxing along we have a beautiful new church which seems to us a little bit of heaven. The people are none the poorer and besides we've done a little missionary work by sending our old church fur-nishings to a North Dakota mission. We are a very

happy parish.
I wish happiness to all the cornerites and I close this letter with love .- Your new niece, Helen Steele, 1317

West 98 St., Chicago.

### "Exchange" Smiles

Teacher: Lily, tell the class one health rule. Lily: Keep the house clean and well perfumigated.

Teacher: With what juice is the food mixed in the Maxine: Apple juice.

"You, boy, over in the corner!" cried the school-

The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt "Do we "Answer this," continued the schoolmaster.

eat the flesh of the whale?"
"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.
"And what," pursued the master, "do we do with the

"Why, sir," responded the boy, "we leave them on the sides of our plates."-Ex.

"Daddy, doesn't h-i-g-h spell 'high'?"

"Sure, son. Why do you ask?" "Teacher told us to write about the highena (hyena)."

> Jack and Jill sped up the hill, A curve up there was sharp, The car upset; Jack's rolling yet; Jill's playing on a harp.—Ex.

# Glastonbury and the Grail

(Continued from page 20)

Glastonbury estate, by concealing—so the legend says-the title deeds in a pie dish which he covered with bread for the needy, and so

conveyed them away!

To return to the Abbot; the judges, realizing how well-loved he was throughout his county, feared a revolt, so the accusation and condemnation were carried out with the greatest swiftness and the usual injustice. Then his own people, numb with sorrow and stricken with horror, were made the unwilling eyewitnesses of his Via Dolorosa. They beheld him entering Glastonbury, dragged upon a hurdle past his

glorious monastery, now desolate and deserted; past the great church, now devastated and desecrated; up to the summit of that hill which rises in solitary greatness, the whilom island of Glast, now the scene of the final tragedy. Begging God's pardon as also that of any whom he might have offended, in self-possession and patience, the saintly old Abbot suffered the final butchery....His venerable head was fixed over the great gateway of the Abbey, a ghastly warning of the retribution to fall on all who would dare to thwart the royal will.

Now indeed is the Grail departed! And the wantonness of the succeeding ages proved it all too well. At first gunpowder helped to hasten the destruction of that handsome pile of buildings; then, owing to scarcity of building stone, the Abbey became a common quarry, and finally the fanaticism and 'insouciance' of Puritan and Presbyterian, even up to 1830, led to the selling bit by bit of much that time and

weather had spared.

To-day the ruins raise their torn arms heavenwards in mute protest and forlornness: witnesses of what hatred of the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament can achieve.

As we gaze upon the picture of these ruins let us breathe a prayer of reparation, yet rejoicing that the blood of the martyred Abbot has brought back to Glastonbury—to its village at least—our Eucharistic Lord. During the past forty years, He has been quietly coming into His own. May one day Glastonbury behold a glorious monastery in its midst once more, to carry on the traditions so dear to its Benedictine ancestors, and to maintain which its last Abbot deemed it not too great a sacrifice to lay down his life!

# Our Frontispiece

A large print of this painting by Azambre deserves a conspicuous place in every Catholic home. How rare in our day is the scene it depicts! Morning and Evening Prayer! Family Prayer! What is that! In this age of superior enlightenment we have discarded worm out theories as to essential religious practices that, as we wrongly suppose, conflict with our businesslike daily routine, where efficiency is measured by material returns. We have relegated prayer to the attic, the limbe of discarded fashions of yesteryear. It is old fashioned to pray. The language of heaven has been supplanted by the curses of hell. And yet men wonder why everything goes dead wrong from their first ejaculation in the morning, when they wish the d-utiful alarm clock in a warmer clime.

But look at the picture again. Fix your gaze upon it Does it not radiate an unearthly charm? An atmosphere of peace and quiet pervades the whole. It breathes of simple union with the supernatural. The eyes of the Divine Child, of Mary and Joseph, tell us where their souls are,-with "Our Father in heaven," our true

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home, whereunto we can come only by the faithful discharge of the first and most important duty in our daily round of varied tasks,—ardent, whole-souled, humble prayer.—P. K.

# The "Mechanics" of Prayer

(Continued from page 7)

cording to standards. What is the particular reason why prayer should not be standardized? Because it makes prayer more easy, and excuses for not praying more difficult.

One never hears great singers condemned for including in their repertoire songs composed by others, and sung by countless of their contemporaries. Nothing could be more stereotyped than the songs that, because of their excellence, have been sung in many ages and climes. Some of your most vehement protestants against the stereotyped character of prayer, do not fear to step before an expectant audience with the song of another in their throats. Indeed, the rendition is theirs; but then so is the rendition of a formula of prayer the individual expression of him who prays. Some will say the same formula with more devotion than others; some will feel more charity in repeating it; some will be buoyed up with greater hope than others in voicing identical words. The formula indeed is constant, like the words of the song. They who use it, pray with varying degrees of excellence, no less than singers render the same song with unequal degrees of intelligence, feeling, and tone.

Your violinist seldom announces that he is playing a composition of his own; the program more often proclaims the contrary. He does not pretend to be a composer; he pretends only to excellence in the mechanics of the violin. The pianist likewise is willing to admit his dependence upon a composer whose capacity and originality are far beyond his own. Not infrequenty the inconsistency that accepts the composition of an expert in the field of muisc, rejects it in the field of prayer.

On the stage the actor repeats lines written by some renowned playwright. His fame as an actor does not suffer from it. He is merely a parrot, so far as words are concerned. True, he puts himself into the character; he presents it to his audience in his own unique fashion; his rendition is unlike that of others who have played the same part. But the words remain the same. Your despiser of prayer will applaud through a whole evening's entertainment the successful acting of his favorite; he will condemn a similar rendition of unchanging words by the man of prayer.

These are the inconsistencies of the proud; of those who will not think too often of God, lest they be made aware of their own littleness, and of their debt to Him, They may deceive the thoughtless; they cannot blind those who are aware of their folly.

# Abbey and Seminary

-We welcome May the more heartily as spring has been so long in coming. The winter was not severe, yet it seemed to have worked overtime, its icy blasts extending far into April. As there was no snow to speak of in our region, the wheat was practically all frozen out during the winter. That means that we shall have to buy bread this year for our numerous family.

- -A cold Easter and late frosts killed the early gardens and some of the fruit.
- —As March the 25th fell on Passion Sunday, the feast of the Annunciation was transferred to the following day. During the Solemn High Mass of the feast, which was celebrated by Father Prior, the Brothers Raymond Kelly, Raphael Heavrin, and Nereus Oster pronounced their first, or triennial, vows. Father Abbot presided during the ceremony.
- —The chug—chug—chug of the caterpillar tractors was heard again in the second half of April when work was resumed on the leveling of the hill to the North of the church. Each tractor drew after it a train of four large scrapers.
- —A frame house, two stories over a basement, heated by a furnace, electric-lighted, and with other modern improvements, now replaces the old monastery, which for many a year served as a lodging place for men who are employed on the premises. The basement contains a spacious storeroom for preserving the winter's supply of potatoes.
- —The St. Gregory Chancel Choir was at its best during Holy Week and on Easter. The choir has been invited to Indianapolis to sing in the cathedral at High Mass on April 29. In the evening of that day a sacred concert will be given in the auditorium of the Cathedral High School.
- —In the effort to increase their funds for building a recreation hall, the seminarians are playing Julius Caesar. The dress rehearsal took place in the College Music Hall on Thursday evening, April 19. The play will be put on in several of the neighboring towns.
- -The slaughterhouse in the suburbs of Porcopolis, which has done duty these many years, will soon be dismantled and pass into history. On an elevation a short distance to the Northeast of the present building is rising a modern, up-to-the-minute abattoir of brick, walls tile-lined within, and concrete floors, two stories in height. A furnace in one corner and a refrigerator in another will produce the quality and quantity of heat required. Here, in almost less time than it takes to describe the process, the unsuspecting pig turns to choicest pork and the more stately ox yields delicious beef and other tempting meat products. In constructing the building an eye has been had to sanitation, convenience, and utility without luxury. Contractors have the work in hand. According to the present outlook the new institution will be functioning by the opening of the fall term of school.
- —Rev. William J. Gauche, who upon completion of his classical course at St. Meinrad went to Rome for philosophy and theology, was ordained to the priesthood on Jan. 15. Father Gauche, who is affiliated to the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, will not return to this country before August.

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-At the request of Rt. Rev. John Ward, class of '85, Bishop of Leavenworth, the Holy Father has conferred upon Rev. Francis Henry, class of '86, the rank of domestic prelate. Monsignor Henry is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Topeka.

-The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the class of '03 occurs on June 6. Eight of the class were ordained in the old parish church by Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis: Fathers George Borries, William Gerdon, Charles Gerdon, Michael Halpin, Augustine Bomholt, Augustine Rawlinson, Joseph Sermersheim, Paul Bleuel. Three others of the same class, William Boland, Michael Gorman, and John O'Hare, made their theology elsewhere. Fathers Borries and William Gerdon, both zealous and devoted priests, have been called to their reward. With the exception of Father Bomholt, who is in the Archdiocese of Dubuque, all are employed in the Diocese of Indianapolis. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rawlinson, Ph. D., is chaplain and professor at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. The rest are pastors.

-May 27 is Pentecost. The annual ordinations will take place on the two following days.

#### Book Notices

Popular Liturgical, Library Series II No. 5. The Funeral Mass and Burial Service for Adults, by Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., 1927 The Liturgical Press Collegeville, Minn., Price 10¢, \$7.50 per hundred. 43 pages. This is a practical booklet and will undoubtedly find many friends as it will help Catholics as well as Protestants to follow faithfully the rite of the burial of an Adult

The Manner of Serving at Low Mass, 1927. St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. Price  $5\phi$ ; 24 copies \$1.00.—In the space of twenty pages we have here a short and practical direction for the servers of the

Mary, Mediatrix of all Graces for all Men, by Louis J. Nau, S. T. D., LL. D. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York, Cincinnati, 1928, Price: stiff paper cover \$.50, cloth binding \$1.00 per copy.

This is a reprint of the articles which appeared in the Acety but that her base been registed at the contract of the contra

the Acolyte, but they have been revised and augmented. Lovers of the Mother of graces will welcome this treatise which offers sound doctrine. Print and paper are

Godward, or the Rugged Path of Joys and Sorrows, by the Rev. Frederick A. Houck, author of "Our Palace Wonderful," "The Life of St. Gerlach," "The Angels Good and Bad," "The Palace Beautiful," etc. B. Herder Book Co., 15, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.

The world tries to get along without God. This, however, is impossible. We need Him in our public as well as in our private institutions and associations, in order that we may enjoy and promote true peace and happiness. The purpose of this book is to help along. It does not claim to be the only kind but endeavors to promote our love for God. In quoting I would like to see the "St." not omitted.

A. B.

The Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass:

Tirreno and other stories, by E. D. Burchard. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

These stories are compiled from memory and actual facts as stated in his diary, kept at the time, as well as from official documents. Thus they are of greater interest for the reader. We are led into the Brazilian

How and Why We Live. By Edward L. Gilmore, Price \$1.55 net.

This book is not written for one who believes in revelation. It is a theory based upon evolution and rein-carnation. Clear from all prejudices and preconceptions, he wishes the reader to follow him in thinking out the problems and reach rational conclusions. Besides truth it also contains wrong ratiocinations. The author means well, however. A. B.

Shibboleths. Tests in Teaching-Efficiency, by Sister Marie Paula, Ph. D. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.75; postage (Benziger Bros.) Shibboleths is not a big book in size. But, it is big and rich in valuable in-formation and serviceable suggestions for teachers. The following headings from the Alphabetical Index will arouse a curiosity that will be happily satisfied by will arouse a curiosity that will be happing satisfied sy-reading the passages referred to: Attention, Conversa-tion, Mental Discipline, Conducting an Examination, Humanizing the Teacher, Feeding the Mind, Notetak-ing, Play, Presentation of the Subject, Punctuality, ing, Play, Presentat Training the Senses.

In the "Liturgical Dictionary," by Dom Alexius Hoffmann, O. S. B., the Liturgical Press (Collegeville, Minn.) has given priest, seminarian, and student a valuable aid in the study of the liturgy. This new product of the busy Liturgical Press, representing careful and painstaking labor, contains from seven to eight thousand words gathered from the official and unofficial Latin liturgical books. The advantage of this volume lies in the fact that the majority of the words cannot be found in our classical dictionaries. It is the only lexicon in English to our knowledge that contains the proper in English to our knowledge that contains the proper names of the Roman Breviary and the Latin names nouns and adjectives-of all dioceses. (Bound in cloth,

Is the reviewer of a pamphlet, at the end of an interested reading, expected to lay it down and exclaim: "Thank God!" Well, that is just what we did with Father Lord's "The Pure of Heart."—If only too frequently the young imbibe their knowledge of the most sacred of life's mysteries from polluted fountains, if those whom they revere and look to for proper informa-tion diligently avoid the topic, then their conclusion must be that such matters are merely a question of forbidden pleasure—of base, though fascinating, pleasure That God has a wonderful plan, surpassingly beautiful, in all these matters of sex is never mentioned; that our duties towards self, the same sex, and the opposite sex, are not due, as may suggest itself to the mere whim, or to the tyranny even, of God (if we dare speak thus), but are simply the strictly logical consequences of an all-wise divine plan, of right order itself established in the world by the Author of all nature—all this, with its beauty and reasonableness, seems unknown, and that especially to the developing and curious mind of the adolescent. And meanwhile our modern sex writers continue to parade their pernicious ideas. At last, Father Lord gives us what we have been hoping for One is delighted with his easy and interesting style, and the charming storylike character of the instruction. One scarcely knows what to wish for more, unless, possibly, it be that the author had stressed why the possibly, it be that the author had stressed why the divine plan must demand the proper restraint as to self and to the same sex.—If there is an apostolate of pamphlets, certainly Father Lord is exercising it by his excellent series: The Pure of Heart, Christian Marriage, My Friend the Pastor, The Call of Christ, Shall I be a Nun, Should my Daughter be a Nun. 10th proposers of the plant of the Pastor and Ave. 25th proposers of the Pastor and per copy; Queen's Work, 3115 S. Grand Ave., S. T. St



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

# Hidden Gold

CHAPTER XXIII

YEARNING

THE first leaves of autumn were quietly falling in the smoky half-haze of the early October afternoon, as a lone woman wended her way along a country road toward the intersection where the suburban busses passed. She had been employed for the last few days at the country home of a wealthy woman whose daughter was about to be married, sewing. Morning and evening she made her way along this lane to and from her work, and this was her last day; the trousseau was about completed, except for the several imported gowns which had not yet been delivered.

That very afternoon, while busily sewing, the woman had come upon a newspaper carelessly thrown upon a chair. A headline had attracted her attention, and she had hastily taken it up and read. It was as follows:

#### MADAME CYNTHE'S DAUGHTER TO WED

Miss Maud Valens, daughter of the well-known modiste of this city, who disappeared some years ago when her business failed, is to be married to Mr. James Burnell, the fortunate young architect who won the \$20,000 prize award for the best plans submitted in a contest sponsored by the Warner Commission for the \$100,000 museum to be erected.

Her father, Mr. Jasper Valens, recently suffered a paralytic stroke, but is convalescing rapidly now, and it is hoped he will be recovered far enough to attend the wedding, which will occur on October 25. The bride will wear a gown of ivory satin, with a tulle veil, and will carry lilies of the valley.

The paper dropped from the woman's hand, and tears blinded her so that she could not see to take her stitches. Sobs rose unbidden, and soon her shoulders were heaving so that she was obliged to drop her work and rush out of the room. Her employer, a kindly-hearted woman, followed, moved to compassion by the sudden burst of grief.

"My dear Miss Jones," she said solicitously out in the hall, where the seamstress had taken refuge, "you are in trouble; is there anything I can do for you? Ah, my dear, don't take on so! What is it?" It was some moments before the grief-stricken lady was able to speak.

"Oh I—I just happened to see something in the paper lying on the chair in that room—no—there is nothing anyone can do—I've—I've made a mess of my life; that's all!" And the tears and sobs overpowered her again. The lady was too polite and kind to be curious so she just tried to comfort the grieving one as best she could.

"My dear Miss Jones; you are no ordinary person, I can see that. You are perhaps laboring under some misunderstanding with your dear ones. Oh, I wish you would let me help you!"

But the seamstress was a reserved person; she could not bring herself to reveal the long, sorrowful story, so she made a superhuman effort to compose herself, and, drying her tears, re-entered the workroom.

Now, it was evening, and she was going back home to her lowly boarding-house room in the near-by city. She had begged leave to take the newspaper along with her, as she wished to ponder over each line in the paragraph at her leisure. In the bus, she read it over and over, but though her heart ached, she did not weep again. Her work at the wealthy woman's home was done, and to-morrow she would have to look for something else to do.

At home, in her room, she sat far into the night on the edge of her bed, pondering, pondering, longing, wishing, hardly able to restrain the yearning that was every moment becoming stronger. For purposes of concealment she had chosen the poorer quarter of the city to live in, and a cheap, but respectable boarding house answered for home. She worked out at odd jobs of sewing at people's homes, or took fine work to do in her room. She was listless and unhappy most of the time, and cared only to make enough to keep herself alive. Beyond that she seemed to have no ambition. Except to go to and from her work, she never left her room, and her only dissipation was the reading of books from the library which she passed on her way home. In fact, were it not for these same books, which took her mind off herself and her misfortunes, she might often have fallen into despair.

This night, however, three books lay stacked on the small table near her plain-white iron bed, but they remained untouched. Her mind was elsewhere. She was thinking of the paragraph in the paper, and every now and then she would take it up and re-read it. To-day was the fifth of October, she thought to herself. In twenty days the wedding would take place. How her

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heart yearned! How was she to pass that day—the 25th, with the thought of that wedding going on—and she not present. Could she possibly live through it without dying? And Jasper! Ill not long before, perilously close to death, and she far away! Could anything be more cruel? And yet, came the still more cruel thought—who caused it all but herself? Had she lived a dutiful, regular life, all these punishments would not have fallen upon her head. Ah, how cruel they were! Almost too cruel to be borne by one small human heart!

Her baby—was it possible, her baby was soon to be a wife? That baby whom she had so basely deserted years and years ago—ah yes, she agreed, the punishment she was now enduring was just. She felt no sympathy for herself, but that did not take the edge off her remorse. Instead, it became keener and more unbearable with each passing hour. Added to that, her loneliness and self-appointed exile lent their thorns to her agony, and dawn found her lying across the bed, weeping bitter, futile, helpless tears, tears of sheer, hopeless agony. Who could help her now? No one. God was infinitely just. She admitted that. She had no one to blame for her pain but herself. She had sown selfishness, and was now reaping its fruits.

Her dear ones—if she could only go to them! But how could she? They would probably meet her with cold looks, and she could endure anything but that. Exile was far preferable. She wanted to remember them with those last looks of love with which they had regarded her. She writhed in agony at the thought that perhaps they now hated her, reviled her, spoke of her only in bitter accents.

The morning sun, rising in the smoky East, searched the room with weak, pale fingers. At last she slept; fully dressed, the dim gas light still burning, she lay exhausted by her night of hopeless grief. The thorn-crowned heart found rest and surcease in merciful sleep, and it was not until midday that she opened her eyes, and wondered what time it was. The bells and whistles of the noon hour soon told her that, and, a little refreshed, she arose, bathed her face, changed her plain dress for another just as plain, but fresher, and decided to go out and take some needed nourishment.

Two, three, four days passed, during which she readily obtained other work, seamstresses being always in demand, but her heart steadily becoming heavier. She ate but little, slept ill, and seldom spoke to anyone, either at work, or at her boarding house. At last, after a week of this prolonged agony, on passing a church on her way home, she suddenly decided to enter. She had not been inside a church for years, but something drew her, what it was she knew not. We little comprehend the mysterious ways by which the Master leads us, unconscious, foolish, rebellious souls, by the way of the Cross, by stripping us of all consolation, by throwing us down into the very depths of agony, that we may look up, as a last resort, and take refuge with Him.

The temple of God was very still. The shades of evening were falling, and gloom was gathering in the

corners of the edifice, relieved only by the red and green glass cups of the flickering vigil lights and the sanctuary lamp. The faces of the Saint statues shone softly in the dim, uncertain light, and the faint odor of incense still clung about the place. Hardly had the heavy door closed behind the woman, but the intense peace and quiet penetrated her heart and made itself felt.

Walking up the center aisle, she never stopped until she had reached the altar rail. There she fell on her knees and buried her head in her arms on the rail. Then the cup of her heart overflowed, and she gave free vent to her tears. She thought she was alone, but she had not noticed the light in the confessional, where a devoted old Father sat reading his office, waiting, as was his custom, for any stray soul that might desire to unburden itself in confession. The moments passed, during which there was no other sound but the soft flutter of the pages in his book, as he turned the leaves, and the subdued weeping of the woman.

By and by the Angelus began to ring—supper time at the rectory. The Father pulled the chain of his light and arose to say the prayer before he left the church for his evening meal. Having finished, he opened the confessional door and stepped out. It was then he noticed the desolate form at the altar rail. For a moment he stopped and watched the woman, then, seeing her shoulders quivering, he was filled with compassion, and went up toward her. Placing his hand on her arm, he spoke:

"My good woman, you seem to be in trouble? Is there anything I can do to help?" She turned and looked despairingly into his eyes.

"Will it do any good to tell my woeful story? Who can help me? No one!"

"My child, God can, and will, help you. Come." So saying, he led the way to his confessional, and motioned her to enter. Nearly an hour passed, during which the housekeeper over at the rectory wondered what had become of him, while she tried in vain to keep his supper from drying out on the back of the stove. But the good Father clean forgot all about such unimportant things as meal-taking. Here was a soul who needed him, and it was for such as these that he haunted his confessional at all hours, in the hope that he might draw one more strayed sheep back to the fold.

She told her painful story, and he helped her to make a good confession, counseling her in every necessary detail, comforting her in her sorrow, giving her new hope for the future.

"My dear child," he said, "your place is beside your husband. You must go back; it is the only right and proper course."

"But what if he spurns me and refuses to take me back?"

"Then it is still your duty to try; if he spurns you, well and good. You have at least tried to do the right thing. But if he is the kind of man you have given me to understand he is, he will not spurn you."

"Oh, Father," she replied, "if he takes me back, I will serve him like a slave for the rest of my life!"

With a strangely light heart, she knelt once again

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at the altar rail, this time to say her penance. Now and then a tear still fell, but they were tears of new hope, and firm resolution to cling close to God in the future, to live a straight, clean life, free of all taint or entanglement with anything displeasing to Him. She longed for the morrow to come, so that she might receive Him with that strangely renewed heart now beating in her bosom, and she called herself a fool for having remained away from Him so long, when an open and upright confession might have brought her happiness long ago.

She remained awhile longer, praying, loath to leave this blessed House of Consolation, and when at last she reached the street, it was, to look upon everything with

(To be continued)

# O Mary, Queen of May

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

So beautiful and lily fair,
We honor her to-day;
Who in all grace of spring will share,
O Mary, Queen of May!

We know your care, the happy while We kneel our love to pay, Blessing us with your tender smile, O Mary, Queen of May!

Inspiring as spring's blossoms sweet,
The thought of you will sway
The hearts where love of you will meet,
O Mary, Queen of May!

Oh! lead us to eternal spring!

After life's wintry way,

And faithful children home you bring,

O Mary, Queen of May!

# Make Your Own Parchment Shades

The interesting parchment lampshades so much in use, may be made at home at a nominal cost. If you have a silk shade that is soiled, take off the silk and cover the frame with a homemade parchment shade. To make this, one need not spend the money for real parchment paper, as any ordinary heavy paper will do—heavy drawing paper, or manila, or the ordinary heavy white wrapping paper, provided it comes in a straight, uncreased sheet. The first step in making the shade is to make a pattern of newspaper, so that no mistakes will be made. Take newspaper and lay it on the wire frame snugly, in one piece, cutting off top and bottom until exact shape of frame is obtained.

Then lay the pattern on the paper you have chosen to use and cut around it. Now, the next thing is, will you use water or oil color? If water color, the design will have to be painted on first before oiling. The entire shade may be tinted any color preferred, before applying design, by spreading on water color evenly—

pink or blue or orange, or a combination of two or three colors, blending into each other. Let the all-over tint dry thoroughly before applying design.

Then choose some fruit or flower design—many may be found in magazines—trace them with tissue paper and transfer to shade with carbon paper. Then paint them in. After paint is thoroughly dry, take a No. 1 flat bristle brush and apply equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine and liquid dryer, mixed together and heated in a tin cup or other vessel. Do not allow mixture to boil, but as soon as a little vapor rises, it is ready for use. Apply evenly to the painted side of shade, and allow to dry ten or twelve hours. When dry, apply to under side and let dry again.

Twist inch-wide strips of white tissue paper on entire wire frame, and fasten with mucilage. Then paste the shade onto the frame, creasing if hexagonal or octagonal, and fasten together at the back with tiny brass shanks. Then bind top and bottom edge to frame with narrow black silk ribbon, gimp or gummed paper. When all is dry and solidly fixed, give one more coat of the oil, turpentine and dryer mixture. If liked, powdered glass luster may be sprinkled on while varnish is still wet.

If oil colors are to be used, the paper is varnished first, before any design is applied. If a tint is desired, this may be mixed thinly with the varnish and applied as a second coat. Then the shade is ready for the design. Use No. 1 outlining brush and No. 3 square shader. When design is dry, apply another coat of varnish. Chintz or cretonne shades may be made in the same way, then varnished with two coats. The powdered glass luster is effective on these latter shades too.

NOTE:—Anyone desiring shade designs may obtain them by writing to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., six fruit and flower designs for 30¢.

# St. Jude Thaddeus

St. Jude Thaddeus, a little known saint, was one of the apostles, and his mother was Mary of Cleophas, a near relative of the Blessed Virgin, and a saint in her own right, her death being glorified by great miracles. Because of the shameful treachery of Judas Iscariot, the name Jude fell into disrepute, and the great apostle Jude Thaddeus suffered thereby.

But Our Lord, having a great tenderness for His apostle, did not wish him to be thus forgotten by the faithful, and in order to make amends for the oblivion into which he was plunged because of the Iscariot's betrayal, gave the good saint extraordinary power to help those in extreme distress. For that reason, he is called, St. Jude Thaddeus, Helper in Desperate Cases. The more desperate and hopeless the case, the greater confidence one may have, if he prays to the saint with faith and perseverance.

Our Lord Himself directed St. Bridget of Sweden, in a vision, to have recourse to St. Jude. "In accordance with his surname, 'Thaddeus,' which means, amiable, loving, he will show himself most willing to help," said He. Ven. Anna Catherine Emmerich, too, recommends all those in tribulation to have recourse to

St. Jude, for, says she, the miraculous virtue of our prayers proceeds from confidence.

St. Jude is usually represented with a picture of our Lord on his breast. The tradition goes that Abagaro, King of Edessa, afflicted with leprosy, sent a messenger, begging Jesus to come and cure him. Our Lord replying that he could not come just then, the king sent an artist to Jerusalem to paint a portrait of Jesus, that he might at least have His picture. The artist, however, was so blinded by the radiance which he saw proceeding from Our Savior's countenance, that he was unable to draw a single line. Wishing to console the King, Jesus then took a cloth, held it to His Face, and impressed His sacred image upon it. This He sent back to the King, with the promise that He would send a messenger to hear him. St. Jude Thaddeus was this messenger. He placed his hands on Abagaro, and cured him instantly.

# Queen of May, Our Mary

SR. M. AGNES FINLEY

O Virgin Mary, Queen of May, Before your shrine now bending; We bring you simple flowers and pray Your guidance without ending. Sweet melody rings through the air From hearts who love, fond duty, And angels waft to you our prayer, O Queen of Heavenly beauty!

Sweetest boast of nature's yield; Loveliest flower of wood or field; Take the scepter, hold it, wield, Queen of May, our Mary!

To every shrine, from brook and vale The sweetest tributes bringing; From every glade and every dale The sweetest music ringing. Such carols dear we join, and greet Your loveliness, O Mother, Here, where the stilly waters meet. Oh! where is there another

Like to you, O gentle Queen,
Save your Son? Bright, spotless sheen!
No flower, no beauty like you seen,
Queen of May, our Mary!

The foamy spray from rocky rill
Comes down a dashing fountain;
The shadows creep along the hill,
The sunshine gilds the mountain,
The winds moan through the lonely dell,
The leaves speak to each other,
And each and all your praises tell,
Our Queen, our Love, our Mother!
Stainless unto earth you came
Immaculate, by right your name
Make us like to you the same,
Queen of May, our Mary!

#### Household Hints

Massage your gums with a little tooth paste after each scrubbing, and leave it on. This prevents decay and often banishes pyorrhea.

In washing the hair, soap and rinse twice and they will be soft and fluffy.

A little olive oil massaged into the scalp makes hair silky.

Wash the keys of the piano with milk or peroxide of hydrogen. This keeps them white. Leave them open to the air all the time.

Try cake frosting made of powdered sugar stirred into maple syrup, until thick enough to spread.

Serve apple dumplings with maple syrup. It is mighty good.

Olive oil is a great preservative of leather. Rub on every now and then.

Paste triangles, cut from old inner tubes, to each corner of the rug. This will keep the rug from slipping on the polished hardwood floor.

The newest wrinkle is to "starch your painted walls." After being newly painted, apply a thin coat of ordinary cooked starch, and when grimy this is very easily washed off, taking the dirt along. Then re-starch until the next time.

The ice cream freezer may be used as a bread mixer. When pipes are frozen, thaw them out with hot water bags, or cloths wrung out of hot water.

### Recipes

SOME NEW WAYS OF SERVING FOODS

Boil elbow marcaroni until tender and then pour over a can of tomato pureé which has been slowly simmered with one half a minced onion, two teaspoons horseradish mustard and a teaspoon of butter, also salt and pepper.

Take a can of chile con carne and a can of tomatoes; mash the tomatoes in saucepan with potato masher; heat both and pour together, simmering for a few moments. Salt, pepper, a dash of vinegar and a spoon of sugar will improve the taste.

Take a can of tamales and stuff mixture into green peppers which have been thoroughly washed and seeds removed. Bake until peppers are tender, then pour over the gravy that came in the can and serve.

Bake a pie crust as for lemon or custard pie. Then pour in a fruit gelatin that is ready to chill. Place in refrigerator until stiff, and top with whipped cream or the ordinary white-of-egg meringue.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 32)

some fancy work pieces for the children to embroider. She never has enough of one kind of floss to finish a piece, and would appreciate a number of skeins of the same kind. White and colored silkateen is cheap, and answers many purposes of embroidery too. Don't forget to save up your old sheets, pillow slips, and linen things for bandages. Tear them into two and three-inch strips and roll one on the other neatly until you

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have a nice roll of about ten pieces. Then start another roll. Medicines needed: Milk of Magnesia, Boric Acid Ointment, Adhesive Tape, Gauze, Cod Liver Oil, Blood Tonic. Write CLARE HAMPTON for addresses.

#### Beadwork Bureau

Adult moccasins, (give size in inches) \$2.00 and \$3.00. Children's moccasins, sizes up to 6 inches, \$1.00. Baby moccasins, 75¢. Doll moccasins, 25¢ for small size, 50¢ for 3-inch size. Sports belts, solid beading

with woven-in conventionalized design, very smart with sports costume, \$2.00. Solid beaded napkin rings, beautiful coloring, 75¢. Beaded coin purses, 75¢. Buckskin handbags with beaded floral designs, \$2.50. Flower holders, solid beaded, for hanging on wall or in machine, 50¢. Pin cushions, beaded buckskin and silk, 50¢. Woven necklaces, very attractive, \$1.00. Real Indian war club, with round stone head and solid beaded handle, \$1.00. Papoose cap, 50¢. (Nice for curio cabinets.) Solid beaded watch fobs, 75¢. Address Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

# -:- -:- Dr. Helen's Consulting Room -:- -:-

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

So! You have brought some of the neighbors to our lesson to-day. That is good for we are going to talk about food, and that is a subject that interests every-holy.

When I was a little girl there was a lesson in the third reader that began this way: "We are all living stoves, walking fireplaces, furnaces in the flesh." It seemed quite unbelievable. Since then I have learned a good deal about ourselves, and I feel like beginning my lesson in the very same words, for it is a simple fact. Let us think about this and it may help us farther The heater here in my office, for I am very oldfashioned, and cling to a fire that I can see and hold my hands over when I am cold, has to be fed just as a person, and it digests its food just as we do, only we can see the process of burning or oxidization going on in the stove, but we cannot see it in the human body. In the process of burning or digestion, if you will, energy is given off in the form of light and heat. In the body the food becomes energy also and we are conscious of it in heat and in the power to act, to move, etc., so you see there is a likeness there that did not strike you at first.

Sometimes we are careless about the fuel for the stove. We dump in too much coal or we fill it up with green wood, or we supply it with some kind of fuel that is very poor in burning qualities. It simmers and smokes and we are afraid the fire will go out altogether, so we begin to doctor it with the poker, or we give it medicine from the coal oil can, or we purge it by shaking down the ashes, but we know very well that what is the matter with it is the wrong kind of food or fuel. If we would have a bright pleasant fire, we must supply the proper kind of fuel. If we would be comfortable and happy we must get the proper kind of food. Again, we may feed the stove with food that will give off plenty of energy, but in time a sort of slag or clinkers will form, and we have quite a time to get rid of them. We know that here, too, we were using a poor kind of fuel. In the same way we may use food that will produce lots of energy in our bodies, but after a while dinkers will form, perhaps in the kidney, perhaps in the gall bladder, and some of you know the time you have in getting rid of them. You see that you can learn lots about your body by just studying the stove, which is much simpler and more easily understood.

The stove is lucky that it can make a meal out of a bucket of coal. It is different with us, for there is no one article of diet, not even milk, except in the first year, that we can get all the parts of a square meal from. We can eat meat as much as we like, but we would eventually starve on it. Bread alone would make poor fare. Potatoes would not support life satisfactorily. We must have a little of each sort of food, and when we plan for the proper amount of, what we may call the "food principles," we have a balanced meal.

#### Question Box

C. W.—I have a cold sore on my lip that does not seem to heal. What shall I do for it?

Ans.—If you have a cold sore on your lip that is not well and forgotten before you read this answer, you have something more than a cold sore, and you should lose no time in consulting a doctor about it.

Anna C.—Do you believe in a gold ring to cure sties? My sister-in-law says that it is a sure cure.

Ans .- I do not, your sister-in-law to the contrary notwithstanding. What you call a sty is an infection of Meibomian gland. The eyelid is not the simple-looking piece of skin that it appears to be. Among other things, it has a number of fine glands running downward like a fringe, and opening in tiny mouths at the root of the eyelash. If one of these little mouths become infected, pus forms, the delicate lining of the gland swells, its secretions are dammed back, and show in a swelling under the thin skin, and redness or inflammation appears. When the pressure in the gland rises to a certain degree, it bursts through at some point and the gland frees itself by drainage. Sometimes this process is so long deferred that a doctor will be called in to open up the cyst that has formed. If the hair adjacent to the infected gland is pulled out, it generally tears out the delicate wall between the gland and the hair root and gives drainage. The cure depends on drainage.

All letters addressed to Helen Hughes Hielscher, M. D. c/o The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana, will receive the most careful and prompt attention. If the nature of the question calls for a private answer, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

